

The Outlook

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LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief

HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Contributing Editor



PRESIDENT WILSON

HIS INAUGURATION, CABINET, AND PROBLEMS

It is twenty years since a Democratic President was inaugurated in Washington. President Wilson's induction into office, the beginning of an Administration supported by a party majority in both branches of Congress, and the appointment of his Cabinet, all made last week most eventful politically and in popular interest. We endeavor in this place to describe the history of Inauguration Week and to report the impression made upon the country by the new Administration; and in an editorial elsewhere in this issue we consider the problems that lie before it.

I—THE CEREMONIES

IT is estimated that half a million people gathered in Washington to witness the Inauguration on Tuesday, March 4; and fair-weather conditions made the traditional out-of-doors ceremonies free from the discomfort and even suffering of four years ago. It should not be forgotten, however, that the real reason for changing the date of the entrance into office of a President is not the probable inclemency of March weather, but the absurdity, under modern facilities for communication and travel, of leaving such a long interval between election and accession into office, with a "hold-over" Administration and Congress no longer possessing the direct mandate of the people, as shown through the election.

The enormous crowds that lined Pennsylvania Avenue witnessed a review of some thirty thousand men, the longest line of march, it is believed, since Lincoln in 1865 reviewed the returning Union troops. The military and naval display was impressive, and, as usual, the West Point and Annapolis cadets attracted enthusiastic applause. Naturally, the civic section was less resplendent; there were strong points of interest, however—notably the large Princeton representation, the groups of Indians, and the two thousand Tammany Hall "braves," whose presence was inevitable and might

seem to some politically ominous if their defeat by the better element of the Democratic party at Baltimore were forgotten. The crowds were admirably controlled and good order was preserved—a striking contrast to the disgraceful laxity of the police on the previous day, commented upon in another place. The review, however, started too late, and it was well after dark when the new President and the reviewing party were relieved from their four hours of standing in the reviewing stand.

The actual installation into office of President Wilson and Vice-President Marshall was conducted with simple and therefore dignified ceremonial. As is the custom, the Senate Chamber was the scene of the inauguration of the Vice-President, and there the announcements were made of the approach of the House of Representatives, the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign countries, the Supreme Court, and the President and Vice-President-elect. Before the brilliant assembly Senator Gallinger administered the oath to Mr. Marshall, who replied in an unusual manner, "God helping me, I will," and later, when the Sixty-second Congress had been adjourned *sine die*, delivered a somewhat unusual address, earnest and original, but unconventional in some of its comparisons, and particularly so in that of the Senate to the

blindness which keep a horse from deviation from the right path.

For the inauguration of President Wilson a grand stand holding ten thousand persons had been built at the east end of the Capitol, stretching from wing to wing of the great building. Thither proceeded from the Senate Chamber the President, President-elect, the two Houses of Congress, and the officials and distinguished guests. Before the stand was massed the largest assemblage that has ever witnessed such a ceremony. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft were greeted with prolonged cheers, and, among others enthusi-

astically received, the demonstration for Mr. Bryan was notably warm and hearty. The oath was administered by Chief Justice White in these words: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." As he finished the new President replied, earnestly, "I do." Then followed the impressive inaugural address by the newly constituted President, the twenty-seventh to take office. President Wilson's address in full was as follows:

II—THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

There has been a change of government. It began two years ago, when the House of Representatives became Democratic by a decisive majority. It has now been completed. The Senate about to assemble will also be Democratic. The offices of President and Vice-President have been put into the hands of Democrats. What does the change mean? That is the question that is uppermost in our minds to-day. That is the question I am going to try to answer, in order, if I may, to interpret the occasion.

It means much more than the mere success of a party. The success of a party means little except when the Nation is using that party for a large and definite purpose. No one can mistake the purpose for which the Nation now seeks to use the Democratic party. It seeks to use it to interpret a change in its own plans and point of view. Some old things with which we had grown familiar and which had begun to creep into the very habit of our thought and of our lives have altered their aspect as we have latterly looked critically upon them with fresh, awakened eyes; have dropped their disguises and shown themselves alien and sinister. Some new things, as we look frankly upon them, willing to comprehend their real character, have come to assume the aspect of things long believed in and familiar, stuff of our own convictions. We have been refreshed by a new insight into our own life.

We see that in many things that life is very great. It is incomparably great in its material aspects, in its body of wealth, in the diversity and sweep of its energy, in the industries which have been conceived and built up by the genius of individual men and the limitless

enterprise of groups of men. It is great also, very great, in its moral force. Nowhere else in the world have noble men and women exhibited in more striking forms the beauty and the energy of sympathy and helpfulness and counsel in their efforts to rectify wrong, alleviate suffering, and set the weak in the way of strength and hope. We have built up, moreover, a great system of government, which has stood through a long age as in many respects a model for those who seek to set liberty upon foundations that will endure against fortuitous change, against storm and accident. Our life contains every great thing and contains it in rich abundance.

But the evil has come with the good, and much fine gold has been corroded. With riches has come inexcusable waste. We have squandered a great part of what we might have used, and have not stopped to conserve the exceeding bounty of nature, without which our genius for enterprise would have been worthless and impotent, scorning to be careful, shamefully prodigal as well as admirably efficient. We have been proud of our industrial achievements, but we have not hitherto stopped thoughtfully enough to count the human cost, the cost of lives snuffed out, of energies overtaxed and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost to the men and women and children upon whom the dead weight and burden of it all has fallen pitilessly the years through. The groans and agony of it all had not yet reached our ears, the solemn, moving undertone of our life, coming up out of the mines and factories and out of every home where the struggle had its intimate and familiar seat. With the great government went many deep secret things which

we too long delayed to look into and scrutinize with candid, fearless eyes. The great government we loved has too often been made use of for private and selfish purposes, and those who used it had forgotten the people.

At last a vision has been vouchsafed us of our life as a whole. We see the bad with the good, the debased and decadent with the sound and vital. With this vision we approach new affairs. Our duty is to cleanse, to reconsider, to restore, to correct the evil without impairing the good, to purify and humanize every process of our common life without weakening or sentimentalizing it. There has been something crude and heartless and unfeeling in our haste to succeed and be great. Our thought has been, "Let every man look out for himself, let every generation look out for itself," while we reared giant machinery which made it impossible that any but those who stood at the levers of control should have a chance to look out for themselves. We had not forgotten our morals. We remembered well enough that we had set up a policy which was meant to serve the humblest as well as the most powerful, with an eye single to the standards of justice and fair play, and remembered it with pride. But we were very heedless and in a hurry to be great.

We have come now to the sober second thought. The scales of heedlessness have fallen from our eyes. We have made up our minds to square every process of our National life again with the standards we so proudly set up at the beginning and have always carried in our hearts. Our work is a work of restoration.

We have itemized with some degree of particularity the things that ought to be altered, and here are some of the chief items: A tariff which cuts us off from our proper part in the commerce of the world, violates the just principles of taxation, and makes the government a facile instrument in the hands of private interests; a banking and currency system based upon the necessity of the government to sell its bonds fifty years ago, and perfectly adapted to concentrating cash and restricting credits; an industrial system which, take it on all its sides, financial as well as administrative, holds capital in leading-strings, restricts liberties and limits the opportunities of labor, and exploits without renewing or conserving the natural resources of the country; a body of agricul-

tural activities never yet given the efficiency of great business undertakings or served as it should be through the instrumentality of science taken directly to the farm or afforded the facilities of credit best suited to its practical needs; watercourses undeveloped, waste places unreclaimed, forests untended, fast disappearing without plan or prospect of renewal, unregarded waste heaps at every mine. We have studied, as perhaps no other nation has, the most effective means of production; but we have not studied cost or economy as we should, either as organizers of industry, as statesmen, or as individuals.

Nor have we studied and perfected the means by which government may be put at the service of humanity in safeguarding the health of the Nation, the health of its men and its women and its children, as well as their rights in the struggle for existence. This is no sentimental duty. The firm basis of government is justice, not pity. These are matters of justice. There can be no equality of opportunity, the first essential of justice in the body politic, if men and women and children be not shielded in their lives, their very vitality, from the consequences of great industrial and social processes which they cannot alter, control, or singly cope with. Society must see to it that it does not itself crush or weaken or damage its own constituent parts. The first duty of law is to keep sound the society it serves. Sanitary laws, pure food laws, and laws determining conditions of labor which individuals are powerless to determine for themselves are intimate parts of the very business of justice and legal efficiency.

These are some of the things we ought to do, and not leave the others undone, the old-fashioned, never-to-be-neglected, fundamental safeguarding of property and of individual right. This is the high enterprise of the new day: to lift everything that concerns our life as a nation to the light that shines from the hearth-fire of every man's conscience and vision of the right. It is inconceivable that we should do this as partisans; it is inconceivable we should do it in ignorance of the facts as they are or in blind haste. We shall restore, not destroy; we shall deal with our economic system as it is and as it may be modified, not as it might be if we had a clean sheet of paper to write upon; and step by step we shall make it what it should be, in the spirit of those who question their own wisdom and seek counsel and knowl-

edge, not shallow self-satisfaction or the excitement of excursions whither they cannot tell. Justice, and only justice, shall always be our motto.

And yet it will be no cool process of mere science. The Nation has been deeply stirred, stirred by a solemn passion, stirred by the knowledge of wrong, of ideals lost, of government too often debauched and made an instrument of evil. The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heart-strings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one. We know our task to be no mere task of politics, but a task which shall search us through and

through, whether we be able to understand our time and the need of our people, whether we be indeed their spokesmen and interpreters, whether we have the pure heart to comprehend and the rectified will to choose our high cost of action.

This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!

III—WHO'S WHO IN THE CABINET

The President's Cabinet is neither a legal nor an illegal body. It is an extra-legal body. It grew out of the provision of the Constitution that the President "may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices." It is therefore merely an association of the various heads of departments of the Government, whom the President calls together to advise and consult with him. President Wilson could, Constitutionally and legally, decline to have any Cabinet or any Cabinet meetings, for the sole executive power under the Constitution is vested in the President. The Cabinet, however, has become so important a feature of the Federal Government, and rests so firmly upon both tradition and practice, that no President would think of ignoring the custom of summoning the heads of the executive departments of the Government to stated and regular meetings in the White House as a board of special advisers.

Under the Constitution, Congress has the power to create the executive departments. In the exercise of this power the Departments of State, of the Treasury, and of War were created in 1789, and their chiefs or Secretaries, together with the Attorney-General (representing the Department of Justice), formed the first Cabinet. In 1798 the Navy Department was separated from the War Department, and the Secretary of the Navy became a Cabinet officer. In 1829 the Postmaster-General (whose department had been created

in 1794), in 1849 the Secretary of the Interior, in 1889 the Secretary of Agriculture, and in 1903 the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, became members of the Cabinet. The Department of Labor has just been separated by Congress from the Department of Commerce, and a Secretary of Labor takes his seat in the Cabinet for the first time.

The members of the Cabinet are usually listed in accordance with the dates when their various departments were created, and not in accordance with a supposed precedence or pre-eminence in governmental authority, although by common consent the office of Secretary of State is regarded as the most important and distinguished in the Cabinet circle. The variation in the comparative importance of Cabinet positions is illustrated by the history of the Interior Department. When it was first created, the Department of the Interior was very generally looked upon as a minor department. The development of the problems of conservation has, however, made it one of the most important departments of the Government, and the Secretary of the Interior now exercises a power and discretion of the utmost consequence to the people of the country.

Mr. Bryan, the new Secretary of State, was born fifty-three years ago this month in Illinois. He is a lawyer by profession, although he has never been an active practitioner. When a young man he moved to Nebraska, from which State he was elected to Congress when thirty years of age. He has been defeated for the Presidency in

three elections—in 1896 and in 1900 by McKinley, and in 1908 by Taft. He has done work as a journalist and is now the editor and proprietor of a weekly newspaper, "The Commoner." His National reputation has been made, not as a lawyer, but as an orator. He is a man of the highest personal character, deeply interested in all phases of social progress, both national and international.

William G. McAdoo, the Secretary of the Treasury, was born in Georgia not quite fifty years ago, and is a lawyer by profession, but through the law became interested in railway operations, and is best known as the successful builder and operator of the Hudson Tunnels and their railways, which connect New York City with New Jersey under the Hudson River. He is the originator of the phrase "The public be pleased" as a term to describe the proper policy under which railways and other public utilities should be operated. He has a thorough knowledge of finance on its practical as well as its legal side.

The Attorney-General, James C. McReynolds, was born fifty years ago in Kentucky, and is a graduate of Vanderbilt University at Nashville. He has been Attorney-General Wickersham's most prominent assistant, and has had a wide experience in the affairs of the Department of Justice, of which he is now the head.

The Secretary of War, Lindley Murray Garrison, is also a lawyer, a native of New Jersey, where he has been Vice-Chancellor, that is, a member of the highest court of the State, since 1904. Secretary Garrison is forty-eight years of age.

The new Postmaster-General is Albert Sidney Burleson, who has been a member of the House of Representatives in Congress since 1899, and has a high reputation in that body for efficient and painstaking work, although his name is comparatively unknown to the country at large. He is a lawyer, and was born in Texas about fifty years ago. His home is in Austin, Texas.

Josephus Daniels, fifty years old, a native of North Carolina, is the new Secretary of the Navy. He is a member of the Bar, but has never practiced his profession, having devoted himself to journalism and to politics. He has been State Printer of North Carolina and has held a responsible position in the Department of the Interior in Washington. He is interested in the educational movement in the

South, and is a trustee of the University of North Carolina. He regards himself as "a newspaper man," and in political affiliations is called a Bryan Democrat.

Franklin K. Lane, the Secretary of the Interior, is probably, next to Mr. Bryan, the most prominent member of the Cabinet, Nationally speaking. He was born forty-nine years ago on Prince Edward's Island, and can, therefore, never be President of the United States. His parents moved to California when he was a child, and he was brought up and educated in that State. First a newspaper man, then a lawyer by profession, he has always been interested in politics, in which he has achieved distinction of the best kind. He has been Corporation Counsel for San Francisco, Democratic candidate for Governor of California and his party's candidate for United States Senator, in all of which capacities he has been recognized as an opponent of political corruption and the evil alliance of big business and politics. He was appointed to the Inter-State Commerce Commission by President Roosevelt in 1905 and became Chairman of that Commission last autumn. He is heartily in favor of scientific conservation of the Nation's natural resources.

William C. Redfield, the new Secretary of Commerce, is a manufacturer, fifty-four years of age, born in New York State, and at present the head of an important iron manufacturing company in Brooklyn. He has taken advanced ground in his writings and public addresses in favor of industrial justice and the treatment of laboring men and women on a human basis, and is a vigorous opponent of high protective tariffs. He has expressed some distinct views on the Philippine question which make it likely that there will be at least one voice in the Cabinet against the immediate evacuation of the Philippines by the United States Government.

David Franklin Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, is not a farmer but an educator. He was born in North Carolina forty-seven years ago, but now comes from Missouri, where he is the head of Washington University at St. Louis. He has the degree of A.B. from South Carolina College, of A.M. from Harvard, and of LL.D. from Tulane and the University of Wisconsin. His first post was that of Superintendent of Schools in Spartanburg, North Carolina. He has been Professor of Political Science in, and later President of, the University of Texas, and was at one time President of the Texas Col-

lege of Agriculture. He has been actively interested in the great educational movement which has done so much to promote the agricultural development of the South. Thus, for the first time perhaps in the history of the country, the Cabinet will contain two men, the President and the Secretary of Agriculture, who have been and are teachers in the highest sense of that word.

William B. Wilson, the new Secretary of the new Department of Labor, was born in Scotland, and therefore, like the Secretary of the Interior, he can never be President of the United States. He is about fifty years old,

and came with his parents to this country when he was a boy of ten. He settled in Pennsylvania and became a coal-miner, and is to-day a member of the Coal-Miners' Union. He has been a member of Congress, but was defeated for re-election last autumn. He is an ardent supporter of trade unionism, but his record does not yet indicate what his position will be regarding the various questions of State regulation of labor conditions which have come to the front so prominently in American life in the great progressive movement that led to the election of President Wilson.

IV—THE SUFFRAGE PARADE

The one event of inauguration week which will be looked back upon with deep regret was the disgraceful treatment accorded by street ruffians, unchecked and uncontrolled by the police, to the parade of the woman suffragists the day before the new President was inaugurated. Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of choosing this particular day for such a demonstration, or indeed of such a parade on any day; but no one can question that, due permission having been asked and accorded by Congress, and it being perfectly obvious that enormous crowds would view the procession and the tableaux, adequate and complete protection should have been furnished by the authorities. What happened was described next day by the women themselves, including Dr. Anna H. Shaw, the President of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, who was herself insulted and jeered at by the rabble. They say that the rowdies who gathered in the streets crowded before the main body of respectable and quiet spectators, broke the police lines everywhere, taunted and ridiculed the marchers, used insulting and indecent language, and finally proceeded in many cases to mishandle the women, tearing off their outer garments and shamefully treating them. This account is substantially confirmed by the testimony taken before the Senate committee of inquiry which promptly began an investigation into the charges, since Congress itself is responsible for the municipal government of Washington. Dr. Shaw declared that the women paraders behaved with calmness, self-control, and dignity under the attacks, and that, although their ranks were divided,

they carried out their original plan fairly well.

The main object of this demonstration at Washington was what some one has called "publicity without animosity;" it was intended to call the country's attention, by numbers, by illustrative floats, and by tableaux, to the progress already made by those who advocate suffrage for women in obtaining that privilege in nine American States and in Australia and other foreign countries. It was a repetition on a larger scale of the great suffrage parade in New York last year. A meeting of indignant men and women, two thousand in number, was held in Washington the evening after the parade, and passed resolutions by which the meeting "unqualifiedly censures and denounces the shameful police arrangements during the suffrage parade just ended, which denied to the marchers for suffrage their right to parade freely and unmolested in the main street of the capital, and subjected them to frequent ribald insult from the crowds which all but overwhelmed them."

Among the witnesses heard before the Senate's committee were Miss Julia C. Lathrop, head of the Children's Bureau, Admiral Van Reypen, Mrs. Fisher, wife of ex-Secretary Fisher of the Interior Department, Senator Poindexter, and other well-known men and women. We quote one passage from the New York "Sun's" report:

Miss Patricia Street of Australia, who was one of the managers of the parade, exhibited her cloak before the committee, showing a large rent, which, she testified, was made by a policeman. He handled her roughly because she appealed to him to protect an old woman who was being violently attacked by a drunken man.

When she saw a drunken man roughly grab an aged woman and spit tobacco juice in her face Miss Street struck the man with a stick and then appealed to an officer who stood by and

had offered no protection. "If you would stay at home and attend to your own business you would not need protection," was the policeman's reply, according to Miss Street.

V—THE CABINET

A POLL OF THE PRESS

Before March 4 President Wilson showed himself uncommunicative on one subject—the appointees to his Cabinet. This seemed the only subject, says the Baltimore "Evening Sun" (Ind. Dem.), "to which he has not so far applied his favorite principle of publicity. The President's masterly reticence stimulated curiosity and interest all the more, and to-day's announcement gratifies a public appetite that has been whetted by the long delay."

"Of vastly greater moment than any individual in the Cabinet, or all of them combined," says the New York "World" (Dem.), "is the method by which the Cabinet was obviously organized." The paper adds:

Here is the first concrete example of Mr. Wilson's attitude towards the Presidency—his first official interpretation of his office and duties.

Whether strong or weak in its various elements, . . . it was fashioned to placate neither sordid political interests nor sordid financial interests. . . . It is no Cabinet of corporation lawyers. It is no Cabinet of hack politicians or machine henchmen. It is a Cabinet of public servants, appointed to administer the affairs of a vast Government, and appointed because the President who selects them believes that they are qualified for their work.

A President capable of performing his task in this spirit may sometimes go astray in his judgment of men, but he has given to the country a convincing proof of his political sincerity.

PERSONALLY SELECTED

Geographical considerations, says the New York "World," doubtless entered into this Cabinet-making, as with all previous Cabinets. But in no case, the paper adds, has apparent fitness for the particular line of administration been sacrificed to such considerations; indeed, "it sinks prior partisan affiliations under the one purpose of bringing together fit men in full sympathy with the immediate policies and work in hand." It differs in one particular, however, from any other Cabinet since Jackson's first term: New England has no representation in it. And yet, the "World" says:

It is Woodrow Wilson himself who has written that up to the time of Jackson "the country had known the leadership only of New England and the South, regions peopled straight out of the

Old World." It is now Woodrow Wilson himself who, of all other Presidents, most strikingly testifies to the merging of the old New England leadership with that of broader sections of the Nation and greater masses of people, for Jackson did not long delay giving that section representation in his council. And no New England State voted for Jackson, while five of the six voted for Wilson.

So much for geography. How about fame? With one or two notable exceptions, says Colonel John Temple Graves, of the New York "American," President Wilson has introduced to the country "A Cabinet of Comparative Strangers." For instance, when the name of David Franklin Houston, of Missouri, was given out as Secretary of Agriculture, a prominent Missourian, says Colonel Graves, sent out to ascertain from his colleagues of Missouri who Mr. Houston was. Colonel Graves continues:

Not a member of the Missouri delegation in the House or Senate knew Mr. Houston, and only one had ever heard of him. It transpires that he is President of Washington University and an able and excellent man.

Few of us in the East, even as near to New Jersey as New York, have heard of Secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison, but those who know Mr. Garrison declare he is of Cabinet timber. President Wilson has chosen his council on his own judgment.

The papers point out that President Wilson has not attempted the experiment of bringing into his Cabinet men of the opposite political party. Nor has he, they add, drawn largely from Congress, weakening party leadership there.

In the new Cabinet, according to the newspapers, there are but two men of really National reputation—Mr. Bryan and Mr. Lane; and there are but two men with actual experience in the administration of a National Government's affairs—Mr. McReynolds and Mr. Lane. Perhaps it is not surprising, then, that many papers agree in the opinion that Mr. Lane is President Wilson's best appointee.

As to the personal appearance of the Cabinet, the New York "Sun" calls it "a pretty fine lot of heads." In spite of "Handsome is" and so on, most of us, the "Sun" affirms, like to look at a comely outside, and

judge therefrom an often unrighteous judgment as to the contents. All but two Cabinet members, the "Sun" says, are smooth-shaven, "that revived and sometimes trying eighteenth-century fashion." The "Sun" of course begins its description with that of the new Secretary of State.

MR. BRYAN

Mr. Bryan "middle-ages" well, it declares. It adds:

The keen, brilliant eyes, the competent nose which, they say, leads to fortune and is a promontory of greatness; the thin, decided, firm-closed lips, unsymbolic of a great orator but expressing a potent will; the beetling, sheer mountain of brow; even his most verjuiced counterblasters must admit that Mr. Bryan has a noble intellectual beauty.

But why Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State? In an article by Professor Garner, of the University of Illinois, in the "Review of Reviews," this expression of Woodrow Wilson concerning the executive initiative in foreign relations is quoted:

One of the greatest powers of the President is his almost absolute control of the foreign relations of the country. His initiative in the conduct of foreign affairs is subjected to no restrictions, and while the consent of the Senate is necessary to the conclusion of a treaty, his right of initiative gives him the power to determine what treaties shall be made, and when once made, if the times are critical, the Government is virtually committed. The rôle of the President in this domain has been tremendously increased by the position which the United States has attained as one of the greatest powers of the world, so that the President can never again be a mere domestic executive, as he once was. Henceforth our President must always be one of the great powers of the world, whether he acts greatly and wisely or not, and the best statesman we can produce will be needed to fill the office of Secretary of State.

This view of the power and influence of the President, comments the Nashville "Democrat" (Dem.), "hardly consists with the suggestion that even Mr. Bryan, with his habit of self-assertion, could, if he so desired as Secretary of State, assume an initiative or dominance that would justify the fear of a Bryan Administration." It still leaves open the question, however, the "Democrat" adds, whether Mr. Wilson "would have the country to understand that in his judgment he has selected 'the best statesman we can produce' to fill the office of Secretary of State."

A Republican paper of independent trend, the Buffalo "Express," thus declares:

In the main Mr. Wilson has chosen a good Cabinet. The one appointment which repre-

sents distinctly the discharge of a political debt is that of William J. Bryan to be Secretary of State. Mr. Bryan made Mr. Wilson President. Mr. Wilson has rewarded Mr. Bryan with the highest office at his disposal. And this political appointment is the weak spot in the Cabinet. If Mr. Wilson had not been under such strong obligations to Mr. Bryan, the Nebraska man probably would have been the last person he would have thought of for Secretary of State. At least, the old President Wilson of Princeton, who wrote the cocked-hat letter, would not have looked upon Bryan as suited to this or any other administrative office. And if Bryan does not prove to be a source of trouble for the Administration, most political prophets are guessing wrong. He has been so many times a candidate for President, so long a party leader, that he can hardly settle down to be a department head. He is so strongly opinionated and so uncompromising that he will not easily reconcile himself to becoming a patient member of a council board, listening to the arguments of others and yielding cheerfully to their conclusions when the majority is against him. All this, at least, is true of the Bryan whom the country has known hitherto. Of course responsibility may bring a change in his character. That happens with many men. Certainly he has much to learn, and even more to forget, before he can become a successful Secretary of State or a valuable councilor to the President. But Mr. Bryan is a brilliant man, and, if he applies himself to his work, putting aside the idea that he does not need to learn it, he may develop surprisingly.

A Democratic paper of independent trend, the New York "Times," is more sarcastic:

The shock of Mr. Bryan's appointment as Secretary of State will not be profound or lasting. The appointment was inevitable, it was a political necessity. There are legions of Democrats who, even after the informing opportunities for the study of Mr. Bryan that they have had during the past sixteen years, still believe him to be a statesman. Not to have taken him into the Cabinet would have been a cause of grief and affront to these Democrats. Mr. Wilson is not only the head of the Government, he is the head of his party: No President wants to begin his Administration with a divided party. Political opponents of the new Administration have sounded doleful warnings that the appointment of Mr. Bryan would mean that the President would be under his domination, that the Nebraskan's shifting, crude, and impossible policies would become the policies of the Government. The character of Mr. Wilson makes these prophecies ridiculous. . . .

It is politically safer for the President that Mr. Bryan should be in the Cabinet. As Secretary of State he is estopped from that persistent and mischievous meddling with Congress and with party policies that has made him such a disturbing influence.

Mr. Henry Watterson, in one of his characteristic editorials in the Louisville "Courier-Journal" (Dem.), warns the President "to

beware of Mr. Bryan." Quoting the Washington "Post's" (Ind.) remark that "the test of will power between Wilson and Bryan is already on," the "Courier-Journal" proceeds to admonish the President: "There is but one way by which you can please Mr. Bryan, and that is by making your Administration distinctly a Bryan administration." "At all events," concludes the Florida "Times Union" (Dem.), of Jacksonville, "while President Wilson will watch Congress and the Supreme Court from his office in the Capitol, Secretary Bryan will keep an eye on President Wilson from his seat at the Cabinet table." The Philadelphia "Times" (Prog.) concludes that "as good a guess as any is that Mr. Bryan has gone into the Cabinet loyally to hold up the hands of his chief."

MR. McADOO

If any one may innocently imagine Mr. Bryan's face as a Cardinal's or that of an Archbishop of Canterbury, the New York "Sun" opines: "In Mr. McAdoo's so different physiognomy, too, there is an ecclesiastical suggestion, a look of subtlety in the good sense and imagination in the eyes." The "Sun" concludes: "And that he is a keen man of business shall not keep us from saying that he might be taken on his face for a poet. Another able nose. Be it said, once for all, that all Mr. Wilson's Cabinet officers are well nosed, nosed as commanding or successful men."

Says the New York "Times":

The appointment of William G. McAdoo to be Secretary of the Treasury pretty effectually overlays and effaces whatever Bryan coloring the appointment to the Secretaryship of State may have been thought to put upon the new Administration. Mr. McAdoo is a business man of experience and capacity. His associations and his acquaintance make it seem improbable that he stands in awe of the might and the ferocity of Mr. Pujo's money ogre, or that he would have the least inclination to embark lightly upon adventurous financial policies in the Treasury Department.

"Mr. McAdoo comes from New York, right straight from Wall Street, and he understands fully the ins and outs of the 'high' finance methods which the large corporations use," chronicles the Sault Ste. Marie "News" (Prog.), and adds:

McAdoo has made a success. He was a poor lawyer in the South when he went to the first city. He has risen to a commanding place among men who are identified with the development of the Greater New York. He is one of

the builders of those great Hudson River tunnels. McAdoo has done things. . . . He has influence. His name is one to conjure with in the world where things are accomplished. . . . Many Democrats in different parts of the country will say that Wilson is catering to Wall Street, that he is recognizing the mighty power of "big business." No matter what is said, after all, isn't the McAdoo kind just the sort of a man we want? Don't we want a man for this Department who knows how to handle these millions of dollars, who knows the system, who will not be lost in the shuffle?

MR. GARRISON

"Mr. Garrison," the Secretary of War, "is the only pair of spectacles among the ten," the "Sun" informs us, and adds that the new Secretary has "a long head, a broad head, a head with crowded cerebral chambers, we should say; an appearance of calm and amiable power." He is, the New York "Times" says, "a lawyer of distinction, and has had judicial experience in the office of Vice-Chancellor. President Wilson knows him intimately, and shows confidence in his administrative ability by appointing him Secretary of War, at all times a responsible post, and one that conceivably might become of high importance."

MR. DANIELS

But Josephus Daniels for Secretary of the Navy is a joke, says the Buffalo "Express." "He probably knows as little about naval administration as any one whom Mr. Wilson could have found. His appointment and that of Representative Burleson of Texas to be Postmaster-General probably were determined mainly by geographical considerations." To the New York "Times" also Mr. Daniels's appointment has "the look of a noble reward for service rendered." As a man, however, the New York "Sun" informs us that "his eyes fairly snap with vivacity and intelligence." And all newspaper editors testify to their brother editor's popularity.

MR. McREYNOLDS

Says the Washington "Herald" (Ind.): "The new Attorney-General, Mr. McReynolds, has won his laurels as a prosecutor of the Tobacco Trust and the anthracite roads. He will make a good minister of justice, but there is one thing: How will he and Mr. Bryan get along, seeing that he is well known as an anti-Bryan Democrat?" "Evidently he and Mr. Bryan will have to be placed at opposite ends of the Cabinet table," says the Buffalo "Express." But the main thing, claim most papers with the

Baltimore "Evening Sun," is that the new Attorney-General is an experienced campaigner in the trust field, who knows the whole legal code of combinations and who views the monopoly question from the people's standpoint. Hence, in the opinion of the New York "Times," Attorney-General McReynolds will prove one of the strongest men in the Cabinet. "He has given proof of energy and ability in his service as Special Assistant to the Attorney-General in prosecutions, he is an able and sound lawyer, and he has an acquaintance such as few practitioners possess with the meaning of the laws in the enforcement of which the Department of Justice is in these times chiefly engaged." To this the New York "Evening Post" adds that, because of his legal knowledge and his vigor as a prosecutor, "Mr. McReynolds should be able to take up Mr. Wickersham's work without a serious break;" and the Buffalo "Express:" "Mr. McReynolds is thoroughly familiar and in sympathy with the work which has been done under Mr. Wickersham and Mr. Knox, and better fitted than any other man of his party could be to continue it." Indeed, the "Express" thinks Mr. McReynolds's "the most satisfactory of all the Cabinet appointments." In appearance "the Attorney-General is another strong, powerful, manly, thoughtful head," according to the New York "Sun," "a 'classic' head; possibly there is in it a little suggestion of John G. Carlisle; the head of a thinker, anyway, of force and the calm consciousness thereof."

MR. BURLISON

"The Postmaster-General has a mighty attractive and distinguished face," declares the New York "Sun." Mr. Burleson has seen fourteen years of service in Congress as Representative from Texas. He has been a member of the Appropriations Committee, "a member of recognized ability and influence," the Jamestown, New York "Post" (Rep.) says, and in this office has become familiar with the business details of the Government Departments. He has now charge of one of the Government's chief business departments, and the New York "Times" tells us that "the qualities he has exhibited in the House give assurance that he will be a competent Postmaster-General."

MR. LANE

"The Secretary of the Interior has the most beautiful marble dome of all," declares the New York "Sun," in speaking of the

physical appearance of the members of the new Cabinet. It describes Mr. Lane's head as "capable, austere, inflexible; if we read aright, a striking face." There is no question of Mr. Lane's ability to do good service in the Department of the Interior, even if he has, as the conservative New York "Times" notes, expressed rather extreme views in respect to railway regulation. The Washington "Herald" (Ind.) apparently approves of Mr. Lane's views, as it remarks:

He should have been left in his position with the Inter-State Commerce Commission, where he has shown that his counsel and actions are needed and that he is the right man for the place. Not that we wish to express doubts as to that gentleman's abilities to safely guide our conservation, irrigation, and Indian policy, but his transfer deprives an important economic body of one of its valuable members, experienced and well seasoned to pass judgment upon the manifold and vital cases that almost daily come before that board.

MR. HOUSTON

"The new Secretary of Agriculture has 'great administrative capacity,'" the Knoxville "Sentinel" informs us. He has "sharp eyes and an impressive upper head," says the New York "Sun," and adds, "He seems equal to practical energy as well as to knowledge." David Franklin Houston was formerly of Texas. He is now of Missouri. He has been an instructor of youth. That in itself, affirms the New York "Times," is a qualification, "for the greatest service the Department of Agriculture can render to the country is that of teaching farmers how to till the land and raise bigger crops." Of Mr. Houston the Hartford "Courant" "hears nothing but good."

MR. REDFIELD

If Mr. Garrison "is the only pair of spectacles," says the New York "Sun," in the Cabinet, "Mr. Redfield bears its sole pair of eyeglasses." In his further appearance the new Secretary of Commerce has "old-fashioned mustache and whiskers as of an old-style Ouida guardsman, or the late Colonel Higginson." This appointment, declares the New York "Times," is admirable. Like Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Redfield is a man of business experience. But he is something more, as the "Times" points out. "He is a man of ideas who has gone far towards formulating a practical philosophy of business." This has recently been revealed by his speeches on the tariff, which the "Times" deems most "valuable and illuminating." It

adds: "The President is fortunate in having him at the Cabinet table."

MR. WILSON

President Wilson is not the only Wilson at the new Cabinet table. There is another Wilson. He is William B., of Pennsylvania. He was the author of a bill creating a Secretary of Labor and is appropriately the first incumbent of that office. In physical appearance he makes up for any possible deficiency in his colleagues, we learn from the New York "Sun"; "his hair masses finely, his features are regular, his lineaments extremely sympathetic." Mr. Wilson is a well-known representative of union labor, and hence displeases the New York "Times." With Mr.

Wilson as Secretary, it says, "the new department becomes not a Department of Labor but a Department of Union Labor," that is to say, "it is a department apparently created to serve the interests of a small class of the population. Not one-tenth of the laboring men of the country belong to the unions, and the men of the unions as a rule are hostile to the laborers who are not of the unions." A Republican paper, on the other hand, the Philadelphia "Telegraph," says that Mr. Wilson is "fully competent" to deal with labor problems. "He is sympathetic to labor while broad enough to advise the President with wisdom and sincerity on the momentous industrial issues sure to confront the Administration from time to time."

VI—THE IMPRESSION OF AN EYE-WITNESS

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Our correspondent, Dr. A. J. McKelway, although born in Pennsylvania in 1866, is a Virginian Democrat, having lived in Virginia for nineteen years previous to his graduation from Hampden-Sidney College in that State in 1886. He is a recognized expert in the field of social economics, especially in matters dealing with the child labor problem. As a Virginian by adoption and education, as a Democrat, and as an active participant in the great social progressive movement of the times, he is a warm sympathizer with the high hopes and plans of President Wilson, for which reason we have asked him to give his impressions of Inauguration Day. Dr. McKelway is a resident of Washington.

Woodrow Wilson, President-elect of the United States, rose early on the morning of March 4, in the fortunate year of 1913, and (one may suppose, for the newspaper men are fond of telling us that our new President shaves himself) proceeded to use his razor-strop, for the double purpose of shaving himself and of ascertaining through that infallible barometer what kind of weather he might expect for his inauguration day. The Weather Bureau, mindful of its fatal fair-weather prediction of four years ago, had been dealing in glittering generalities. Happily, the weather was all that could have been desired, growing warm toward noon, a kindly haze over the sun diminishing the glare for a million eyes and softening the color effects for the spectators of the inaugural pageant. And in the evening the sky was clear and the stars came out.

Promptly at ten o'clock Mr. Wilson stepped into the carriage at the east door of the Shoreham Hotel, with Senators Crane and Bacon of the Senate Inaugural Committee as his attendants. The Princeton students, a thousand strong, wearing sashes of orange and

black, formed a guard of honor, between whose proud and smiling ranks the carriage was driven to the White House. From the White House, down Pennsylvania Avenue, through a mile of cheering humanity, to the Capitol, the carriage took its way, with President Taft on the right and Professor Wilson on the left, to return later with President Wilson on the right and Professor Taft on the left.

By the time the carriage reached the Capitol, the space between the eastern front and the Congressional Library was filled with people, and the trees of the park were black with spectators. Presently the tall figure of Mr. Wilson and the broad back of Mr. Taft could be discerned ascending the steps of the Senate wing and disappearing behind the doors.

Up to that time many did not know whether the bill creating a Department of Labor had been signed or not. It was signed, reluctantly. And the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill had been vetoed, because it contained a proviso against the use of the \$300,000 appropriated for the enforce-

ment of the anti-trust act in prosecuting labor organizations and farmers' associations. And the bill to abolish the involuntary servitude of seamen was also deemed unconstitutional, and allowed to die.

While President Taft is signing and vetoing bills in the President's room, within the Senate Chamber conference reports are being adopted on appropriation bills, and the voice of the successful filibuster is heard. The old order has not yet changed. The appropriation of more than a billion dollars of revenue is, on the part of the Senate, a matter strictly for the Senate committees to determine, with whatever greasing of the ways is necessary to slide the bills along, and whatever of trading is essential to satisfy the House conferees. Said a Republican Senator of the newer order, "I trust I have seen the last of this jamming through of appropriation bills in the closing hours of the session. I have seen too much that was wrong."

At last the President pro tempore, Senator Gallinger, presiding alternately with Senator Bacon, neither being able to secure the majority vote of the Senate necessary to election to that position, declares the Senate of the Sixty-second Congress adjourned *sine die*. Vice-President Marshall calls a new Senate to order, and the majority of power and responsibility passes to the Democratic side of the Chamber for the first time in twenty years. Forty-nine Democratic Senators out of a possible ninety-eight have been elected, and New Hampshire and Illinois are yet to elect. One of these Senators hails from Maine and one from Kansas! "There has been a change of Government."

Nor should it be forgotten that there has been a change within the Democratic party. Of the Democratic majority when Cleveland was inaugurated twenty years ago not one remains in the Senate to-day. On the Republican side, only Lodge and Gallinger survive the fearful Senatorial mortality of the last two decades.

Nor need we worry unduly over the small size of the Democratic majority in the Senate. The progressive Senators have already taken charge. Senator Kern will become Chairman of the Democratic caucus, with power to appoint a Senate steering committee, a committee on committees, not unlike the Ways and Means Committee of the House. Compromises have been made for the sake of harmony. The seniority rule will prevail, so far as the chairmen of the important com-

mittees are concerned, but there will be no Aldrich coterie of such chairmen, controlling the committees themselves by membership in them all. The committees will be progressive enough. And if there should be any revolt of ultra-conservatives on progressive measures, where will Borah and Works, and Cummins and Kenyon and Bristow and Clapp and Norris and Gronna and Crawford and Poindexter and Sterling and Robert M. La Follette be found? As for the tariff issue, did not the Progressive movement in the Senate start with the revolt against the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill? And shall we suppose that the Republican Progressives and the National Progressives shall be less patriotic than the Democratic minority in the House during the Roosevelt Administration, which, under the leadership of John Sharp Williams, supported every one of the Roosevelt policies requiring Congressional action? The roll calls in the House and Senate from 1901 to 1908 are illuminating to those who can assign those voting to their respective parties, on such measures as the

Railroad Rate Regulation Act,
National Irrigation Act,
Employers' Liability Act,
Safety Appliance Act,
Regulation of the Hours of Railroad Employees,
Establishment of the Department of Commerce and Labor,
Pure Food and Drugs Act,
Federal Meat Inspection Act, and
The Act Prohibiting Corporations from Contributing to Campaign Funds.

Vice-President Marshall concludes a brief address, full of homely wit, with these words:

Here in this most sacred spot where war has been made and peace declared; here in the presence of the distinguished representatives of the Governments of the civilized world; here within the hearing of the beauty, culture, and ripened statecraft of his own land, may one humble American express the hope, before he enters upon a four years' silence, that all our diplomacy may spell peace with all peoples, justice for all Governments, and righteousness the world around.

And now, while thirty-two Senators are taking their oaths of office, seventeen of them new members of the Senate (only one of the "Old Guard" was re-elected), let us hasten outside again and join the vast assemblage on the plaza facing the Capitol front. The Goddess of Liberty looks down upon that eager throng. Happily for her reputation, her back was turned upon the woman's suffrage parade up Pennsylvania Avenue yesterday, when the District police utterly failed to preserve even

the semblance of order to protect the women from the hoodlums, white and black, who insulted them.

The writer formed one of a group of four just beyond the ranks of cavalry guarding the Presidential stand. One was from Georgia, now a freshman of Davidson College, North Carolina, where Woodrow Wilson was a student for one year. Another was a Mississippian, a medical student of the University of Virginia, which Wilson also attended. The third was a professor from Randolph Macon College, Virginia, and we two talked, while the younger men listened, of the scenes this historic spot had witnessed and of the political changes it had seen. We reminded one another of the fact that just one hundred years ago another native of Virginia, James Madison, also a graduate of the College of New Jersey, now Princeton University, also a profound student of the history and philosophy of government, was inaugurated President. How, in the war with Great Britain, already raging, Washington itself had been invaded and the Capitol and Library burned. How the long series of disgraceful defeats on land, spite of brilliant naval victories, had been unrelieved until Andrew Jackson led his Southern riflemen at New Orleans against the flower of the British army, the veterans of Wellington, and gave a new consciousness of national life to a people who had endured the Massachusetts Remonstrance and the Hartford Convention. The country seemed to prefer Southern Presidents in the old days—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, with two terms each, to say nothing of Polk and Taylor and Tyler. Even Harrison and Lincoln were born in the South. Woodrow Wilson is the eighth President born in Virginia of the twenty-seven who have held the greatest office in the world.

Madison, "the Father of the Constitution," was also the originator of the first ten amendments to that sacred document. His administration marked the final dissolution of the old Federalist party, doomed to death for its want of patriotism. And, by the way, it was Madison who suggested the military parade and review which reached its highest culmination to-day, and the inaugural ball, which every President save Lincoln, in 1861, has attended for a hundred years, until Woodrow Wilson ordered it discontinued for reasons.

Then the college professor to whom I

have just referred and I talked of the political changes since the last Democratic Administration. We recalled the sturdy figure of Grover Cleveland, breasting the stormy weather of his second inauguration as he did the storms of his second administration, inheriting a bankrupt treasury from Harrison (everybody knows the story of the plates that had already been prepared for a bond issue to maintain the gold reserve), forced to settle the "sound money" problem before the tariff question could be touched, and thereby disorganizing his party so that the Senatorial cabal were able to work their will when the great issue on which he was elected came to the front.

And Woodrow Wilson, who agreed with Cleveland, has made Bryan, who opposed Cleveland, his Secretary of State.

The fact seems to be that the country agreed with Cleveland on the money question, with Cleveland and Bryan on the tariff question, and has come to agree with Bryan on many other progressive principles. Government by injunction seems a much more unrighteous thing now than it did when Bryan denounced it in 1896. The initiative and referendum are Democratic now, but they were only Bryanic in 1908.

The country is progressive. Nor are Progressive Democrats unduly disturbed by the oft-quoted statement that Woodrow Wilson is a "minority President." So was Lincoln. And the opposition wandered in the wilderness for a quarter of a century. Wilson received the largest electoral majority since Grant defeated Seymour in 1868. Party traditions and attractive personalities aside, ten million American citizens voted for progressive policies as against three million adherents of privilege. A historic ecclesiastical controversy turned upon the use of the Greek iota. The political question of our day is one of capitalization. Shall we write "Progressive" with a small letter or a capital?

But now historic reminiscences and speculations stop. There is a stir in the crowd, then a wave of cheering that is taken up rank on rank by those too far away to distinguish Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft as they head the long procession down the carpeted pathway from the middle portico of the Capitol to the inaugural stand built far in front. The Justices of the Supreme Court in their black robes follow, the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers, the members of the Senate

and House. Mr. Bryan is immediately recognized heading the new members of the Cabinet, and a mighty cheer greets his coming into his own. Speaker Clark is generously applauded as his massive figure is recognized, and is cheered again as he shakes hands with his successful rival of the Baltimore Convention. Nor are the lame ducks overlooked. Cannon and McKinley and Crumpacker and Hill and Dalziel—"morituri te salutamus," their expression seems to say. "There has been a change of government."

Public curiosity is at last satisfied as the new Cabinet officers take their places to the right of the President-elect. He has chosen them all with an eye single to the carrying out of his high purposes. Any who may have thought to buy their way to preference by gifts of money or of service to a cause ought to have been disappointed, and Woodrow Wilson can never bring himself to repay personal obligation at the public expense. Five of these men, just half, are of Southern birth. Three hail from the South. Three from the farther West. Four from the Middle East. Only New England is unrepresented.

A hush falls upon the vast assemblage as the Chief Justice rises and administers the oath of office to President Wilson. This is the oath:

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.

Perhaps we do not need any written Constitution. Perhaps we have outgrown the one that was framed by the fathers of the Republic more than a century ago. Perhaps we shall amend it more frequently and radically. A Constitutional Convention is being urged in many quarters. Woodrow Wilson will not be bound by any traditional interpretations of that document, however hoary the precedents may be. He has his own ideas of what the Constitution says and of what it means. But those do not understand the man who do not know that the Constitution as it is to him will be preserved, protected, and defended. He comes of a race of covenant makers and keepers. He belongs to a faith that regards an oath as a sacred thing. No more reverently religious man has ever kissed the Book in taking that oath of office. And the place where his lips were pressed was at the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, verses 43-48:

"And take not the word of truth utterly

out of my mouth; for I have hoped in thy judgments.

"So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

"And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.

"I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings, and will not be ashamed.

"And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved.

"My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which I have loved; and I will meditate in thy statutes."

The oath taken, the most significant event of the day occurred. At the President's direction the ranks of protecting cavalry in front of the stand fell away in front, and the people, the eager, silent, questioning people, pressed forward, until thousands were in reach of the President's voice. He had no message for the military. He wanted the people to hear, and the people "drew near unto him."

"There has been a change of government," he began.

That brief inaugural address will take high rank in the classic literature of American history. But to have heard it delivered was a distinguished privilege. It cannot be summarized in order to get the gist of it, for it is all gist. It will be the theme of many a school-boy declamation in the years to come. It will take its place with Lincoln's tolerant Gettysburg address, framed upon the walls of many a humble home. It contains one echo of that address, "This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication."

The number of visitors to Washington was variously estimated at from a quarter to a third of a million people. An equal number of Washington citizens viewed from some point of vantage the military and civic parade, which General Wood has pronounced the greatest ever held in the Nation's history. Its only new feature was the beautiful work of the Boy Scouts along the line of march. Let no one make the mistake of supposing that hungry office-seekers formed any large proportion of the attending crowds that lined the way to the White House and to Washington Circle beyond, as the Presidential party returned.

After a hasty lunch with the ex-President, President Wilson took the reviewing stand opposite the Court of Honor, the long parade passing between until long after night had fallen upon the scene. Then, after the eve-

ning meal with his family in the White House, the President watched, from windows opening towards the south, the fireworks on the great Mall stretching away to the Potomac. The dome of the Capitol and the upper half of the Washington Monument stood out clear and suggestive as the searchlights played

upon them. A vast concourse of people enjoyed the unprecedented display, surely a much more democratic pleasure than attendance, limited by pecuniary considerations only, upon an inaugural ball.

A. J. McKELWAY.

Washington, D. C., March 4, 1913.

THE WEEK

The Sixty-Second Congress

The Sixty-second Congress was a divided Congress in the sense that Republicans controlled the Senate and Democrats the House. If we were asked to mention twenty principal measures of legislation before the Sixty-second Congress during its two years of life, we might name:

The Direct Election of Senators Amendment. Passed.

The Russian Treaty Resolution. Passed.

The Statehood Bill. Passed.

The Tariff Bills. Vetoed.

The Panama Canal Bill. Passed.

The Alaskan Civil Government Bill. Passed.

The Immigration Bill. Vetoed.

The Parcels Post Bill. Passed.

The Children's Bureau Bill. Passed.

The White Slave Bill. Passed.

The Phosphorus Match Bill. Passed.

The Eight-Hour Government Work Bill. Passed.

The Industrial Commission Bill. Passed.

The Department of Labor Bill. Passed.

The Bird-Protection Bill. Passed.

The Wireless Telegraph Bill. Passed.

The Pension Increase Bill. Passed.

The Inter-State Liquor Bill. Passed over veto.

The Amendment to the Food and Drugs Act. Passed.

The Anti-Prize-Fight Moving Picture Bill. Passed.

Specially noteworthy events in the Senate were:

The expulsion of Senator Lorimer.

The impeachment of Judge Archbald.

The passage of an amplified Monroe Doctrine resolution.

The extension of the Arbitration Treaty with France.

The failure of the so-called universal arbitration treaties.

The passage of the Fur-Seal Treaty and of The Wireless Telegraph Treaty.

Like other Congresses, the Sixty-second was partly good, partly bad. Its good features were, first of all, its sanction of certain measures to advance human interests, such as the establishment of a Children's Bureau, the White Slave Bill, the creation of a Department

of Labor, etc. But the late Congress sometimes talked and acted like a commonplace and not over-intelligent body. No very remarkable intelligence was revealed in the debates on the Statehood, Tariff, Panama, Immigration, and Naval Bills, though the results of some of these debates were more or less happy. For instance, out of the tariff debates there came one bill which President Taft might have signed to the benefit of all wearers of wool, though he was consistent in declining to sign any tariff bill not framed in accordance with the Tariff Commission's recommendations. Also out of the Panama debate a great piece of legislation in the main was finally constructed. On the other hand, the Immigration Bill, as sent to the President, contained a literacy provision which he construed to be a hampering of civilization, and which he therefore—in our judgment wisely—vetoed. In one notable respect Congress showed courage and self-reliance. We refer to its action on the bill regulating the shipping of liquor so as to assist rather than obstruct State liquor laws. Congress passed the bill. The President vetoed it because he thought it was a delegation of Congressional power to the States, and he believed that to be unconstitutional. Congress, taking a very different view of the nature of the bill, immediately repassed it, and it is now a law.

A Record of Extravagance

The late Congress was willing to be not only commonplace at times, and unintelligent, but even profligate. It was profligate especially in the second of its three sessions in adding twenty-five million dollars a year to our already swollen pension list. It was profligate in the third session in passing a public buildings measure—the so-called "pork barrel" bill. By it many a town of small size is to be dowered with a post-office or other building quite disproportionate to the town's size or prospects. For many years our Government's policy has been to erect no post-office building where

the annual receipts are less than ten thousand dollars; but the "pork" bill provided for over ninety public buildings which would not be erected were this rule respected. Such buildings are provided, not for the welfare of the whole country, but for the political prosperity of the members who, by arrangement with one another, secure the appropriations and thus please their several constituencies. Even some members of the Democratic majority declared this "the worst bill of the kind ever reported." What sincerity is there in the denunciatory plank in the Democratic platform concerning "the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses," when Congress makes a total of appropriations exceeding anything in the Nation's history, enlarged as it is by such measures as the above? The profligacy was all the worse when we remember that to this end Congress criminally cramped the Nation's defenses. It authorized thirty-five million dollars for "pork" and only one of the three needed battle-ships. This Congress also kept up a bad tradition. It permitted the placing of "riders" upon appropriation bills, and thus allowed by indirection the securing of legislation which it knew it could not secure by direct means. Take, for instance, the absurd seven-year civil service "rider" on the Legislative Appropriation Bill at the close of the second session, which would have re-established the sway of the spoils system, or the "rider" on the Sundry Civil Bill at the close of the third, forbidding the use of any money, appropriated to enforce the Anti-Trust Act, to prosecute labor unions. The President promptly vetoed both bills. On the whole, however, in spite of its obvious weaknesses and defects, the Sixty-second leaves behind it a record of good measures that should not be forgotten.

The Late Pujo Committee

The activities and interest aroused by the opening of a new Administration have greatly obscured, temporarily at least, the report of the Pujo House Committee, made public on March 1. This report sums up the findings of many weeks of investigation, and presents, in the form of recommendations and two bills, proposed remedies for what it believes to be distinct evils in the National banking and financial systems of the country. We have already said that the

Pujo Committee was regarded during the earlier weeks of its existence with some suspicion throughout the country as the manifestation of a desire to play upon the fears of the public for political purposes. That this suspicion, however natural, was unjust is shown, we believe, by the history of the Committee during the latter weeks of its existence and by its report. The report, it is true, is a partisan one. The seven Democratic members of the Committee sign the majority report, and the four Republican members of the Committee present two minority reports. The majority frankly say, "We are unable to say that the existence of a 'money trust' has been established in the broad, bald sense of the word," but they assert that there is a great and rapidly growing concentration of the control of money and credit in the hands of a few men. This general assertion as to concentration is, it seems to us, justified by the evidence of Mr. Morgan and his partner Mr. Davison; of Mr. George F. Baker, of the First National Bank of New York; and of Mr. Forgan, of the First National Bank of Chicago. All these gentlemen admitted the growth of concentration or combination in American banking. Mr. Morgan believed that this concentration or combination was in accordance with natural economic laws, that it was desirable for the purposes of efficiency and of protecting credit, and that the evils incident to it would be corrected by the operation of natural economic laws. The other three gentlemen above named, who are recognized not only as able financiers but as public-spirited citizens, acknowledged that the process of concentration or combination had gone too far and should be restricted. We think the Pujo Committee has justified its creation and existence by bringing before the public the testimony of men like the four bankers whom we have just named. It has been a good thing for the public to learn, as we believe they have learned from such testimony, that the great bankers of the country are on the whole deeply interested in and endeavoring actively to promote the general public welfare. This, however, does not mean that our banking system needs no reform. In fact, as we reported last week, Mr. Morgan and his partners believe that it needs complete and scientific reform. The deliberations and publications of the Pujo Committee make it clear, in our judgment, that it is the duty of Congress in the field

of finance to take two harmonious but distinct sets of actions. First, it must improve the regulative features of the present National banking law; and, second, it must devise and put in operation an entirely new system of issuing and distributing National bank currency and credits. It is with the first step of improving the regulations of the present National Bank Act that the Pujo Committee concerns itself in recommendations which we report in the following paragraph.

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The Pujo Recommendations

On the whole, these recommendations are surprisingly good. It has been interesting to note that the conservative papers of New York City, which have been inclined to look upon the members of the Pujo Committee as a parcel of bulls in the china shop of finance, have found little to criticise in the banking recommendations, although they do take vigorous exception to the proposal regarding Stock Exchanges and Clearing-House Associations. We shall not here touch upon the latter proposals except to say that a Democratic committee, which is presumably interested in States' Rights as opposed to Federal control, proposes to forbid National banks to be members of Clearing-House Associations which "are not bodies corporate of the State in which they are respectively located," and urges Congress to prohibit, under its inter-State commerce powers, the transmission by the mails or by telegraph or by telephone of orders to buy or sell stock on any Stock Exchange unless that Exchange is incorporated by the State in which it is located. The Committee would prohibit the consolidation of two or more National banks, except with the approval of the Comptroller of the Currency; interlocking bank directorates; the ownership by any National bank of stock in any other bank or trust company or the ownership by any other bank or trust company or holding company of National bank stock; the existence of voting trusts in National banks; the existence of security holding companies as adjuncts to banks; inter-State corporations from appointing any bank, banker, or banking house as their sole fiscal agent to dispose of their securities; inter-State corporations from depositing their funds with unsupervised or unregulated private bankers; the underwriting by National banks of the entire issues of securities of any corporation; borrowing

by officers from their own banks; borrowing by directors from their own banks except under very strict limitation; and the acceptance by or the offering to officers of National banks of compensation or commissions for voting for loans. These recommendations on the prohibitory side in the main seem reasonable, with the exception of the prohibition which forbids inter-State corporations from making deposits in private banking houses. This seems to us to be special and class regulation beyond the province of Congress. The Committee also makes some positive recommendations. It would introduce, by cumulative voting, minority representation in directorates of National banks; railway reorganizations should be taken out of the hands of the banks and placed in the control of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; the number of directors of all National banks should be not less than five nor more than thirteen; and, finally, National banks should open to public inspection lists of their stockholders and complete schedules of their assets, keeping private, however, the names of borrowers. We do not say that every detail of these recommendations and prohibitions is desirable, but we think the general plan of reform which they embody will commend itself to the fair-minded financier and business man. The National banks of this country were established as institutions for circulating currency and supplying commercial credit. They were never intended, by an extension of their powers, or by indirect participation in industry, to be speculators, buyers and sellers of stock, or mere corporate treasurers of gigantic industrial operations.

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White Slavers Routed

In its attempt to secure the protection of the Supreme Court of the United States the foulest of all trades has been foiled. The guardianship of the Constitution, that Court now makes clear, does not extend the practice of making money from the debauching of women. In its decision on the White Slave Act, which it handed down on February 24 (No. 381.—Oct. Term, 1912), the Court has erected one of the great monuments that mark the history of Constitutional interpretation. The opinion, in which all the Judges concur, was delivered by Mr. Justice McKenna. It concerned a case of a woman and a man who had been convicted, one of enticing, the other of aiding her to entice, a

young woman "to go in inter-State commerce . . . for the purpose of prostitution." The counsel for these convicted felons appealed to the Supreme Court on the ground that the White Slave Act which they had been convicted of violating was unconstitutional. One of these grounds was that the right of Congress to regulate inter-State commerce "is not broad enough to include the power to regulate prostitution or any other immorality of citizens of the several States as a condition precedent (or subsequent) to their right to travel inter-State or to aid or assist another so to travel." This was the only ground the Court regarded as necessary to consider at length, as the other grounds were dependent upon this. The Court declares that inter-State commerce includes the transportation of persons. To the contention that persons have a right to move in inter-State commerce and that no one can be made guilty of the crime of assisting in the exercise of that right, the Court replies that this contention "urges a right exercised in morality to sustain a right to be exercised in immorality," and that this fallacy vitiates the whole argument against the law. The Court recognizes that the States can exercise control over the immoralities of their citizens; but it adds: "It is a control, however, which can be exercised only within the jurisdiction of the States, but there is a domain which the States cannot reach and over which Congress alone has power; and if such power be exerted to control what the States cannot it is an argument for—not against—its legality." The Court cites as an example the Pure Food and Drugs Act. Such a law does not interfere with the prerogatives of the States. It deals with a matter concerning which the States have no prerogative. "It must be kept in mind," says the Court, "that we are one people; and the powers reserved to the States and those conferred on the Nation are adapted to be exercised, whether independently or concurrently, to promote the general welfare, material and moral."

Morals and Inter-State Commerce

Lotteries, obscene literature, diseased cattle or persons, are cited by the Court in illustration of this use of power for regulating inter-State commerce. But what is significant is that the Court does not speak of these articles of commerce themselves, but of "the demoralization of

lotteries, the debasement of obscene literature, the contagion of diseased cattle or persons," as being deprived of the "facility of inter-State transportation;" and to that list it adds, as being subject to the deprivation of the same facilities, "the systematic enticement to and the enslavement in prostitution and debauchery of women, and, more insistently, of girls." In no opinion that we have ever read has the Court so intimately connected this Federal power over inter-State commerce with the purpose of affecting the welfare of the people in health and in morals. The Court goes further: "Let an article be debased by adulteration, let it be misrepresented by false branding, and Congress may exercise its prohibitive power. It may be that Congress could not prohibit the manufacture of the article in a State. It may be that Congress could not prohibit in all of its conditions its sale within a State. But Congress may prohibit its transportation between the States, and [the italics are ours] *by that means defeat the motive and evils of its manufacture.*" There is one more passage that deserves to be quoted and remembered by those—whether they be unversed in the law or whether they be judges—who seem to think that any wrong can be defended if by skillful rhetoric it can be clothed in the guise of a right. These are the words: "It is misleading to say that men and women have rights. Their rights cannot fortify or sanction their wrongs; and," the Court adds its application to the present case, "if they employ inter-State transportation as a facility of their wrongs, it may be forbidden to them to the extent of the Act of July 25, 1910, and we need go no farther in the present case." In summing up, the Court says "that Congress has power over transportation 'among the several States;' that the power is complete in itself, and that Congress, as an incident to it, may adopt not only means necessary, but convenient to its exercise, and the means may have the quality of police regulations." This decision is of extraordinary significance, not only because it insures the validity of a very important act for the protection of women and of girls, but because it greatly reduces the extent of that "twilight zone" between the jurisdiction of the States and the jurisdiction of the Nation in which many grave abuses have hitherto found refuge. In rendering this decision the Supreme Court has done much to justify those who believe that, if its present tendency could characterize

all our American courts, popular discontent, if not impatience, with the attitude of judges towards the problems of modern life would be greatly allayed.

Workmen's Compensation: A New Bill

When the highest court in New York State decided that a workman named Ives, injured on a railway, could not receive the compensation which the State had provided by law, the only recourse left to injured workmen was to sue their employers for damages. This meant that the workingman who sued would have to prove in some way or other that the employer was responsible for the accident, and, according to common law, the employer might escape responsibility in a number of ways. Of course there are bound to be accidents in industry. If those accidents befall machines, the industry pays the cost; if those accidents befall men, however, the accident becomes a personal matter between the employer and the employee. The highest court of the State so interpreted the situation as to make such an accident necessarily a personal matter unless both sides chose to put it on another basis. There are two ways out of this awkward and wasteful situation. One way is by offering inducements to employer and employee to abandon the lawsuit method and to accept a regular scale of compensation. The other is by amending the Constitution so that the Legislature can compel both sides to abide by a regular scale of compensation. In order to induce employees to come into a compensation scheme without lawsuit, the rate of compensation has to be high. In order to induce employers to come into a regular scheme of compensation, the rates of compensation have to be low. Thus, though everybody is agreed that a regular scheme of compensation is much better than resort to the lottery of lawsuits for damages, the proposal of a voluntary system inevitably invites a clash of opinion with regard to rates. As The Outlook has already reported, there are bills before the Legislature of New York providing for a voluntary system of compensation. One of these bills provides for compensation out of a State fund, to which the employers who accept the arrangement are required to contribute. Large employers object to this plan. The other plan provides that the employers shall insure in private liability companies. To this the workingmen

object because it arrays the powerful insurance companies against their interests and also makes the rate of compensation low. Thus the voluntary system is stuck on the horns of a dilemma. Besides these two methods of insuring compensation two others are generally recognized as possible—the creation of a fund by the employer himself if his business is large enough, and the establishment of mutual insurance by a group of employers. The real issue is not, however, over these four methods of insurance, but between voluntary and compulsory compensation. As The Outlook noted two weeks ago, there is a Constitutional amendment before the Legislature which, if adopted by popular vote next fall, would permit the Legislature to pass a compulsory compensation bill. The Outlook then declared that it was “even conceivable that a bill might be drafted establishing a compulsory compensation system, with these four optional methods as to insurance, which would go into operation immediately upon the adoption of the Constitutional amendment permitting a compulsory compensation law.” Such a bill has been drafted by the Legislative Committee of the Progressive party in New York State, and is, we understand, to be soon introduced into the Legislature. Because under such a plan there is no necessity for offering inducements for either employer or employee to come in, a great deal of waste can be eliminated by cutting out, for instance, the cost of employing insurance solicitors and the like, and therefore the rates can be higher to workingmen without unduly increasing the cost to the industry. This is a non-partisan question. The Democratic majority in the Legislature has done wisely in giving consideration to the subject, and we believe the Legislature would be most wisely guided by adopting this form of bill.

New Subways for New York

The city of New York is practically assured of a new subway system. That it needs such a system is beyond dispute. Every American knows that Manhattan Island, which forms the old city of New York and is the most populous part of the greater city, is long and narrow, with the most congested business portion at the southern end. As a result a great human tide flows north and south each day. When the tide flows in the Bay of Fundy, the water piles up because

the bay is long and narrow. In just that way this human tide piles up because of this long and narrow island. There are two ways by which the pressure of this tide can be relieved. The one is by making more channels up and down the island. The other is by diverting part of this tide to one side or the other. To divert it to the west is to send it out of the city to a neighboring State. To divert it to the east is to send it into Long Island, the nearer part of which is a part of the city, but lies across a channel known as the East River. For some time there has been under consideration a plan which promises relief of both kinds—relief by creating a new channel up and down the island and relief by diverting part of the tide across the East River into Long Island. The details of this plan it is not necessary to state here. They have been discussed pro and con, and in their final form have been accepted by most experts. The chief difficulty has been with regard to the arrangement for the operation of the subway trains which will carry these people to and from their work. The two companies that now operate most of the transit lines of the city—the Interborough and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Companies—after long negotiations agreed to take each a part of this new system under certain contracts which would insure them an income. Against these contracts there has been a violent and at times a passionate protest from those who believe that the time has come for the city to operate its own lines. On the other hand, it is said that the city has no resources to meet the expense of such municipal operation. The Public Service Commission which is charged with the regulation of rapid transit lines in the city was about to approve these contracts in spite of the protests of the minority of its members when the term of Mr. Willcox, the Chairman, expired. In his place Governor Sulzer appointed Judge McCall, of the State Supreme Court. Injunction proceedings, coupled with the desire of Mr. McCall to acquaint himself with the situation, delayed further action until last week. Now Mr. McCall has cast his deciding vote in favor of the contracts. This decision will bring, on the one hand, disappointment to those who had hoped that the people of the city might have a chance at the coming fall election by referendum vote to express their own choice between these private contracts and municipal operation. On the other hand, the decision will bring

relief to the thousands who suffer from present congestion and who, though aware that the subways themselves are proceeding under construction without waiting for action on the contracts, have feared the consequences of any delay. As The Outlook has already stated, the signing of these contracts is in accordance with the judgment of the majority of those experts charged with the duty of deciding the question. There has been no question that these experts are both competent and honest. When a city refers a question to competent and honest experts, it should follow their decision.



The Chinese Elections

The world has watched the conduct of the Chinese elections with interest. They represent the first attempt to apply American and European electoral methods to the establishment of popular government in China. The elections have been twofold. First, the elections to membership in the provincial assemblies; second, to the House of Representatives, the lower house of the National Assembly, as the Chinese Parliament is to be called. Members of the Senate, the upper house, are elected by the provincial assemblies. Most of the provinces have now completed their final elections both for senators and representatives, who are called to meet in Peking the latter part of March; as the Presidential message says: "All duly elected members of the National Assembly must arrive at the capital before the end of the Third Moon" (that is, March). Thus the first Parliament of the Chinese Republic should be opened not later than April. All reports are to the effect that the elections have been, on the whole, well managed. Though the suffrage is necessarily limited, the results seem fairly to represent the judgment of all the people. While there may have been frauds, as a whole the elections were carefully and seriously conducted, so that we can say the first great political experiment of the new China has been a success. The question now is: Will the second experiment be an equal success?—that is, the meeting of the Chinese Parliament, really a Constituent Assembly because the adoption of a permanent constitution to replace the present provisional constitution will be its initial task. Then there will be a third experiment—the election of a permanent President and the manner of his election. We shall see whether Parliament adopts our procedure of choosing

the Chief Executive by a popular election or imitates the French Republic in electing a President by the National Assembly.

The Conquering
Greeks

□ Last week the Greeks took Janina, and with it no less than thirty-two thousand Turks as prisoners. Janina is a town and fortress of about twenty-five thousand population, situated on the little Lake of Janina, the ancient Pambotis of the Greek poets. It is about twenty miles north of the Greek frontier, and double that distance from the Adriatic Sea. It is surrounded by the mountains of Southern Albania, of which it is the chief interior city. This region formed most of the province of Epirus centuries ago, but it has long been a Turkish possession. At the outbreak of the Balkan war last October, the Greeks made Janina one of their objective points. The place was well fortified and the garrison well supplied with both grain and guns. Essad Pasha, the Turkish commander, offered a stubborn defense; its maintenance reflects credit upon his military ability. The fall of Janina marks the crowning point of the Greek campaign in the Balkan war. True, the Greek occupation of Salonika was of vital importance, as was also the occupation of the many Ægean islands. But neither Salonika nor the islands offered such a challenge to military prowess and patience as did the fortress of Janina. Its possession by the Greeks is a satisfaction to national pride, as more than half of the population of the little city is Greek, the remainder Albanian. Most of the population is engaged in the manufacture and sale of gold-woven and silk stuffs and morocco. There have been no reports, so far as we know, of any massacre by Turks of Greeks within the city. In the neighborhood, however, last November, Turkish infantry and irregulars pillaged and set fire to many Albanian villages, and massacred, so it is said, thousands of men, women, and children.

Another
Father Damien

□ The English King has done a good deed. He has made Dr. George Turner a knight. Who is Sir George Turner? Few, in America at least, except medical specialists know him, but those specialists know him as one of the greatest authorities on the subject of leprosy. When he was practicing as a physician and medical officer in South Africa, the leper hospital at Pretoria made a great appeal

to him; such a great appeal, indeed, that he gave up all his spare time to work among the lepers. He would go to their hospital morning and night, and devoted all of his Saturdays and Sundays to them. For years he labored among them without pay of any sort, investigating the nature of the terrible disease, and doing all he could to ease the lot of the sufferers. On reaching the age limit Dr. Turner retired from his official duties and went to England to pursue further his studies into the source of leprosy. After several years of work the disease attacked him. But he still labored on in his investigations, though life now meant ever-increasing pain, disfigurement, and consequent seclusion. He has now, it is reported, lost his left arm. The story goes that he was recently asked to dinner by some admirer, to whom he replied: "I should be glad to go, but I am a leper, you know." It is a pleasure to learn that Dr. Turner's name was included on the King's own initiative.



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PROBLEMS

President Wilson's inaugural is the call of a prophet to a Nation to repent of its sins and return, not to the methods but to the spirit of the Fathers. It is a profoundly religious appeal by a man of a profoundly religious nature. He appeals, not to laws, traditions, or constitutions, but to the conscience of the American people. But it is the appeal of a prophet who is also a scholar. His moral sense does not obliterate his common sense. He is alike able to see the evil with the good and the good with the evil in the life of the Nation. He is neither dazzled by the National glory nor obsessed by the National vices.

The Nation is truly great—great in the diversity of its energies; great in its moral forces; great in the new type of government and of national life which it has created.

But with this greatness have come vices that are great: inexcusable waste, shameful prodigality, pride in national achievements, carelessness of the human cost—"the cost of lives snuffed out, the energies outraged and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost to the men and women and children upon whom the dead weight of it all has fallen pitilessly the years through."

A new vision has been vouchsafed to the

Nation. And this vision is a call to duty—a duty “to cleanse, to reconsider, to restore, to correct the evil without impairing the good, to purify and humanize every process of our common life without weakening or sentimentalizing it.” This is no sentimental duty. It is a call to justice, not to pity. “The day is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication.”

In this appeal to the Nation President Wilson speaks *for* the Nation. He interprets the vision of the Nation. He addresses not a sleeping but an awakened conscience. Preceding voices, preceding actions, speaking louder than words, have compelled the Nation to halt in its hurrying course. It had already begun to reconsider. It had already begun to count the cost in human loss because of its hurry to be great and rich, and its careless selfishness. “Let every man look out for himself; let every generation look out for itself.” The universal welcome accorded to this inaugural indicates how truly the President has interpreted the awakening repentance for the past, the awakening aspirations and hopes for the future.

It is not difficult to call a Nation to repentance; it is a much more difficult task to lead a Nation to do the acts that are meet for repentance. The Cabinet which the President has selected gives assurance that he purposes to carry out in acts the spirit which he has expressed in words.

“The firm basis of government is justice.” How to promote justice between the nations is the foreign problem, how to promote justice within the Nation is the domestic problem, of the new Administration.

Mr. Bryan, the Secretary of State, is an advocate and lover of peace. His best-known religious address is “The Prince of Peace.” He is well and favorably known abroad, at least among the common people.

But peace is not the only end to be sought in international relations. What duty, if any, does a rich and powerful nation owe to other nations in this beginning of the twentieth century? The President truly says: “Our thought has been, ‘Let every man look out for himself.’” Is it to be our thought, Let every nation look out for itself? What duty do we owe to those communities which have been brought under our flag: Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines? What duty to our weaker neighbors to the south of us: Cuba,

Mexico, the Central American and South American Republics? What duty, if any, do we owe to our Eastern neighbors: Japan and the newly born Republic of China? These questions concern not merely peace but justice. Is there any brotherhood of nations? If so, do we belong to that International Brotherhood? And do our wealth and strength impose on us any international responsibilities? That Mr. Bryan will do all that a pacific spirit can do to maintain international peace we are very sure. We are not so sure that he will do all that a strong nation should do to maintain justice in international relations. Disarmament does not always promote peace. The feebleness of Buchanan’s Administration and the unarmed condition of the Nation at the close of his Administration were partly responsible, if not for the beginning, certainly for the length of the Civil War. Disarmament can do nothing to promote justice. And justice is more important than peace, for it is the only foundation on which a true, lasting place can be built. Mr. Bryan, though a peacemaker, would not have been our choice for Secretary of State. We should have feared that he would lack the strength and steadiness of purpose to enable our country to do her duty as one of the Brotherhood of Nations in the maintenance of international justice. But these qualities are often developed by responsibility, and we have a right to hope that if there be any lack it will be supplied by the President, whose past life has given ample indication of both steadiness and strength.

Within the Nation the problem of America has been hinted at in the President’s inaugural and more fully described by him in his recently published book “The New Freedom.” A single sentence quoted from the latter must suffice here: “Our laws are still meant for business done by individuals; they have not been satisfactorily adjusted to business done by great combinations; you have got to adjust them.” This work of readjustment falls largely under the Interior Department and the Department of Commerce. The chiefs appointed in these Departments both belong to the new era; both are inspired by the new spirit; both have their faces turned toward the future; they both, by temperament and on principle, believe that business relationships should be human relationships, that a benevolent des-

potism is no substitute for democracy, that a community which is democratic in its political, its educational, and its religious institutions must be democratic in its industries.

The citizen, however, must remember that the duty of readjusting our laws to meet the new order has been intrusted, not to the President and his Cabinet, but to Congress. The Administration can do two things and only two: it can influence Congress to enact new laws, and it can execute in the new spirit such laws as Congress may enact. The country may rightfully hold the Administration responsible to lead, but it must hold Congress responsible to follow the leadership.

The universal approval of the President's policy will not last. When Congress meets, the Nation will again resolve itself into a vast debating society. Those who believe that the new day calls for new policies will differ among themselves as to what the new policies should be. The "invisible government" will work secretly but not inefficiently to thwart any policies which lessen its powers. Those who now profit by social injustice will obstruct every movement that promises to promote social justice. When did even benevolent absolutists aid in the overthrow of absolutism? or feudal lords unite in overthrowing feudalism? or a slave-holding class combine to promote the abolition of slavery? The President says, "We shall restore, not destroy." But we cannot restore without destroying. We cannot restore political liberty without destroying political oligarchy, nor restore industrial liberty without destroying industrial absolutism, nor restore government for the people without destroying government for the special interests. The success of the new Administration in its efforts to promote the "New Freedom" will depend partly upon its force and tact, but largely upon the character and efficiency of the support which is given to it by the people. The people, attracted by his vision, compelled a reluctant Convention to nominate Mr. Wilson; the people elected him. Will the people give him their support when he undertakes to realize the vision which has inspired them? When the battle comes, as come it will, for come it must, we, in advance, summon all men who care more for their country than for their party, and more for the general welfare than for special inter-

ests, even though those special interests be their own, to give their earnest and vigorous support to the cause of political liberty and social justice, and to the Democratic Administration, in so far as it proves to be, as we hope it will be, a wise and efficient leader in that cause.



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOL CONTROVERSY

There is no institution of any kind or sort that directly touches the life of so many American citizens as the public school. While these schools are not in law and organization National, since in each State they are under the direction of the State, they do in a very real sense form a National institution. Any question of importance involving the schools of a great municipality or of a single State is therefore of direct interest to the citizens of all other States. Such, for example, was the question which led to the election of Mrs. Young as Superintendent of the city public schools of Chicago; such are the questions involved in the reorganization of the public schools of the city of New York.

Most people throughout the country who read the newspapers know that there is some kind of a row in New York City over the public school question, although they do not know just what the difficulty is or what remedies are proposed for the difficulty. We do not wonder. The fundamental question at issue has been obscured by all sorts of subsidiary controversies, and by pages upon pages of printed matter that overwhelm the layman with their technicalities and sometimes, it may frankly be said, with their lack of human interest. We shall endeavor here in broad outlines to state the fundamental question which has produced the present acute controversy about public schools in the State and city of New York.

The question is, What shall be the relation of the city government to the Board of Education and what shall be the relation of the Board of Education to the teaching in the public schools?

There is spent annually in the city of New York over thirty-five millions of dollars on the public school system, and by it seven hundred thousand pupils are enabled to meet daily in the school-rooms of the city. The present public-spirited and efficient Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the city govern-

ment some months ago decided that the whole subject of city public schools needed investigation. The Board employed a group of experts, headed by Professor Paul H. Hanus, of Harvard University, to study the schools and make an exhaustive report upon them. The study was made, the report was prepared, and the row began. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment got into controversy with one of Professor Hanus's assistants. This was a joy for the newspapers because it afforded material for copy, and thus public attention was diverted from the main issue to an entirely incidental and side issue. But time finally cured that trouble, and Professor Hanus issued his complete report, the most valuable part of which to the layman is a pamphlet prepared by Dr. Hanus himself, of only a few pages, containing a brief synopsis of his investigation and his conclusion.

The final result has been that three bills have been introduced into the New York Legislature which propose to change the public educational system of New York in certain important respects. These bills are believed by a large body of citizens and by Dr. Hanus himself to be undesirable because they are both defective and fail to go to the root of the matter. They have been prepared somewhat hurriedly, they are not entirely coherent, and they do not follow a large and well-thought-out plan for reorganizing the public school system. We wish it might be possible for the State Legislature to take up this matter in a large way by having a small group of recognized experts prepare a concrete plan for its consideration.

In the meantime we give our answer to the general question which we asked at the beginning of this article.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the city government should be simply a budget-maker, and assign each year to the educational system the lump sum to be spent upon that system.

The Board of Education, which should be a small, compact board of unpaid citizens, should take this appropriation and determine what portion of it should be spent on physical equipment and what portion on teaching. It should also decide in a large way questions of general educational policy, such as, Shall there be vocational education, shall there be directed playgrounds, shall there be commercial high schools, shall there be kindergartens, shall there be special schools for crip-

pled children? And then it should leave to the city superintendent or superintendents whom it engages as the executive manager or managing board of the schools, the whole direction of the teaching and the employment or assignment of teachers. There never can be anything but muddling and failure if the city government tries to tell the Board of Education how to teach domestic science in the public schools, and the Board of Education tries to tell the city superintendent whether Miss Brown or Miss Black is the best teacher of domestic science.

As the Constitution of the United States gives the President of the United States complete executive power under the advice and with the consent of the Senate, so the educational constitution of the city of New York ought to give the city superintendent complete teaching power under the advice and with the consent of the Board of Education.

These principles are not peculiar to New York City. They are capable of universal application throughout the country.



MUSIC AND THRILLS

Why does an audience gather to listen to such a programme as that of the Kneisel Quartette in New York City last week? The programme consisted of an early quartette of Beethoven's (opus 18, number 1), the Piano-forte trio in B major which Brahms wrote when about twenty years of age and then late in life radically revised, and two movements of a quartette in E flat major by the living German composer Max Reger. What is there in such a programme as that which induces several hundred people to pay good money into a box-office and sit through the better part of two hours just listening?

One can easily understand why people go to the opera, or to a vaudeville show, or to a musical burlesque, where they can see something going on all the time, and where the music is a stimulant to sensations created by the lights, the costumes, the stage setting, and the tragic, romantic, or comic elements of the drama. One can understand, too, why people go to a big orchestral concert where a mighty volume of sound itself causes considerable sensation and where fanciful titles or explanatory notes may summon the imagination of the hearer to supply the place of the operatic stage with its lights and costumes and dramatic narrative. But what can an

audience get from three or four musicians quietly playing pieces of music distinguished on the programme by no fanciful titles, but only by the keys in which they are written and the numbers by which they are designated in the lists of the composer's works?

If music is to be judged by the number and intensity of the sensations it produces, by the frequency and violence of the thrills which run up and down the hearer's backbone, as some in these days seem to think, there is something pathetic in the sight of an audience at "the Kneisels'" seeking enjoyment. Music, however, has a higher function than to create what may be called "vertebrations." The most appreciative hearer is not necessarily the one whose backbone is most gelatinous. It is true, music, like any other art, can be sensational; but it is art of the highest sort only as it subordinates its power to create or intensify sensations to a greater purpose.

Everybody finds the world more or less at sixes and sevens. The object of the entertainer in the amusement park, and the vaudeville show, and to some extent the opera, is to lead people to forget their perplexities by diverting them with emotional sensations. The object of the artist, on the other hand, whether he be painter or sculptor or poet or composer, is to take these elements that seem to be out of sorts with one another in real life, and mold them into something that is a satisfying whole—something that is as nearly as may be what it ought to be.

The composer who has what may be called the amusement park conception of his art is not likely to bother himself much with writing for the string quartette or the pianoforte with two, three, or four stringed instruments; he is likely to eschew chamber music. He wants something more efficacious in creating sensation. This is true even of those composers whose efforts to create sensations or thrills aim at lofty sensations or noble thrills, so lofty, so noble, as to make them different in kind as well as in degree from those created by the ordinary entertainer. It is to this category that some very eminent composers belong. Richard Strauss, Liszt, Wagner, are all creators of emotional sensations. They use their great skill, their gifts as creators of beautiful or striking melody, their command of the resources of the orchestra or the voice or the pianoforte, for the purpose of affecting their hearers' backbones. Any hearer with a

backbone capable of thrills can enjoy their music. This is not to say that they have no other object. Wagner, for instance, had a very clear conception of his artistic purpose. Liszt's command of the technique of music is still one of the wonders of musical history. Strauss is unsurpassed as a master of the theory of music and the instruments of the orchestra. The works of these men challenge the exercise of any musical intelligence the hearer can devote to them. But, after all, the chief value in their works (with, of course, exceptions) consists in their power to distract the hearer and furnish him with exciting emotions and pleasurable, or at least entertaining, thrills.

Compare with these three the three on this Kneisel programme. The Beethoven quartette did not have a thrill in it. To his contemporaries Beethoven seemed unconventional to a sensational degree. In his later years he found much that was tragic in life and translated it into music. This quartette, however, is one of his earlier works. It has the spirit of the eighteenth century. It is conventional, orderly, self-consistent. It is as if Beethoven sought to create something perfect by ignoring all that was imperfect, and simply employing perfect material. In the Brahms trio, on the other hand, as in practically all of his work, there is mystery, a hint at least of the tragic, the inexplicable, but it is made a part of something that is satisfying. It is as if Brahms were saying, "This tragedy, this mystery, that we find so baffling in life, is really a necessary part of a satisfying and perfect whole. It is distressing only because we see it in fragments. When it is put into its place it is right. We may not even then understand it; but we would not have it otherwise." What Brahms does with mystery and tragedy Reger does with restlessness. Even the Larghetto of the quartette played last week, which one might expect to be reposeful, is full of unrest; and the Allegro, with its complicated counterpoint, is spirited but never quite resting in a cadence. And yet when the end comes one feels that this restlessness is somehow a part of the inevitable scheme of things. Reger uses the harmonic idiom of the twentieth century and the contrapuntal idiom of Bach. In neither case is it the musical idiom of the nineteenth century to which most listeners are accustomed. On the other hand, he does not give the impression of using these idioms just to show

his skill, but because by them he can best say what he wants to say. Reger may not be a giant like Beethoven or Brahms; but he is of large stature, and he belongs, with them, among those composers whose aim is not sensation but the creation of something that is whole, perfect, satisfying.

One kind of music is more effective for being new. When the novelty wears off, the thrills subside. The other kind of music is more effective for being familiar. The more one hears it the more one understands it. Tunefulness may be the characteristic of either, or of neither. Those who do not find Reger tuneful will not find Strauss tuneful. Those who hear no beautiful melody in Brahms are as tone-deaf as those who hear no beautiful melody in Wagner. There is no reason why any one may not enjoy both kinds of music. There are some people who do not want to be thrilled; they do not want other people—even composers—to tamper with their emotions. Let them, then, leave Wagner, Liszt, and Strauss alone. There are others who feel themselves cheated if music which they have spent money to hear does not send some shivers along their spines. If they do not wish to train themselves to find another sort of enjoyment in music, they had better avoid Beethoven, Brahms, and Reger. Those people are most fortunate who can enjoy all six.



LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

I should address this letter to you personally, but you have given me neither name nor address. I am not surprised. It is not strange that you should be unwilling that any one should know concerning yourself what you have told me anonymously. But, in consequence, I must either leave your letter unanswered or answer it through the columns of *The Outlook*. Whether it ever reaches your eye or not I shall probably never know, for I cannot expect and I do not ask for any reply.

No! I cannot "imagine a worse hell." I should be unjust to you and false to myself if I sought to excuse your sin or cover the shame of it. I would rather make you see more clearly the sin and feel more deeply the shame. By your deliberate and conscious violation of God's law you are separating yourself from him. It may be that he is not angry with you, only sorry; but I should

rather meet his anger than his sorrow. Against the anger I might invent some self-defense; against his sorrow there is none. For it is true, as you say, that you are going on in sin, not because you cannot help it, but because you do not want to try. You yourself have said it, and in that saying there is hope for you, because it shows that as yet you are able to perceive the truth, whatever sentence that truth pronounces against you.

By your course you are separating yourself from all the best and noblest in the community. They do not know that you are estranged from them; but you know it. You know with what divine pity some, with what indignation others, with what aversion all pure, honest, true men and women would look upon your life if it were made known to them.

Moreover, while you have separated yourself from the pure, the honest, the true, you have leagued yourself with the impure, the dishonest, the false. You are not alone. You are in unrecognized companionship with a multitude from whom you cannot separate yourself if you would. Your treachery, for such it is, identifies you with all disloyal souls, and makes you, whether you will or no, one with them. "It is a terrible thought," says Nathaniel Hawthorne, "that an individual wrong-doing melts us into the great mass of humankind and makes us guilty of the whole."

But—and this is perhaps the bitterest result of all—your sin separates you from your own better, purer, truer self. "He that sinneth," says the Proverb, "wrongeth his own soul." This is what you are doing. You are at war with yourself. You are scarred with self-inflicted wounds. Your conscience echoes the universal conscience—God's and man's. You are already brought before God's judgment-throne, set up in your own soul. You have pronounced and are daily pronouncing judgment against yourself.

From this hell there are two doors of escape: the door of death and the door of life.

You can probably stifle the voice of your own conscience. You can find pleas of self-defense, which will not satisfy your conscience, but will silence it. You have already begun to offer such pleas, not yet in justification, but in palliation: the greatness of the temptation; the native defects of your own character; your baseless suspicion that all men and women are guilty of the same or similar sin. If this were true, it would be no

defense ; but it is not true. More men are honest than are dishonest, truthful than liars, pure than impure. It is not true that your neighbors are no better than yourself. It is only true that some of them are not, or may not be. They that lead the double life which you are living are the exception, not the rule.

With such excuses, and others quite as plausible which you will be able to provide for yourself, you cannot satisfy your conscience, but you can silence it. The protests unheeded will grow feeble and finally cease. You will be what the Apostle calls "*dead* in trespasses and sins." You will still be separated from God and all pure, honest, loyal souls. You will still be companion to those that are impure, dishonest, treacherous. But you will not mind. You know, we all know, that there are men who have so given themselves to appetite that gluttony and drunkenness no longer awaken their remorse ; other men who have so given themselves to greed that every generous impulse is destroyed. You know, we all know, that there are women who have so dedicated themselves to fashion that even their children's needs appeal to them in vain, so dead is the mother's heart within them ; and other women who have sold their womanhood for gain or for the gratification of the passing moment, and have done it so habitually and permanently that now no spark of womanly life can be discerned in them. Whether for such lost souls there is any resurrection of life hereafter, I do not know. There is apparently for some of them no resurrection in this life. This door of your hell leads to a kind of peace : it is the peace of death.

The other door is the door of life. Christ opened it to the fallen woman when he said to her : "Neither do I condemn thee : go, and sin no more." He opened it to Peter when he accepted the Apostle's repentance and rededication of himself and bade him take up again his mission of love and service.

You can escape from the companions and the conditions which are leading you into sin. You can flee from them as the Pilgrim in Bunyan's allegory fled from the City of Destruction. How ? I cannot tell you how. One way would be to pack your bag, buy a railway ticket, and take the first train out of town, leaving no trace behind. This may not be the best way ; but any way is better than remaining under conditions and in companionships which you have found too strong for your power of resistance. You have no

occasion to confess to others your sin unless confession is necessary to reparation. In your case, so far as I can judge, such confession would do more harm than good.

You can seek a better companionship, companionship with pure, honest, loyal souls. You can seek strength in the Fountain of Life, which has been strength to so many tempted souls and recovery to so many seemingly ruined lives. You can seek it where Augustine sought and found it ; where John B. Gough sought and found it. Society, if it knew the story of your secret life, would close its doors to you. So, I fear, would most churches. But God does not close his heart to those who need his help. Our necessity is God's opportunity. He who revealed his Spirit in the life of Him who was called derisively "the friend of publicans and sinners" is still the friend of publicans and sinners. You do not know me. I have no reason to think that we have ever met. Yet you have enough faith in me to write me, believing that I will not treat your letter with contumely, that I will help you if I can. Believe in your heavenly Father at least as much as you believe in me. There is no human being to whom you can tell the whole story of your secret life. But you can tell it to Him, because he knows it already, and the story, which might close against you the door to other fellowship, will open his fellowship to you.

Be not content merely to escape from the present hell. Your experience of temptation and sin equips you for rendering service to others who are similarly tempted. Your escape will fit you to aid others who are hardly beset as you have been. Your recovery of life will enable you to show others how they also can recover life. You can understand them as no one can understand them who has not had a similar experience.

Have faith in yourself ; faith in your power to break away from evil companionships and evil habits ; faith in your power to heed and to follow the voice of your own conscience ; faith in your power to find in God a present help in time of need ; faith in your power to become a minister of his help to others in the time of their need.

You have asked me, "Can you imagine a worse hell ?" No ! I cannot. And I have put before you frankly the two doors of escape—the door of death and the door of life. I can do no more. It is now for you to choose between them.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

A MILLION A DAY

THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF THE PARCEL POST

“GOOD-MORNING, Miss Johnson; and how’s the Particular Pet doing this fine morning?”

The personable young express agent from the railway station across the track came briskly into the little store where stationery, newspapers and magazines, pipes and tobacco, and candy—and, incidentally, the United States mail—are dispensed by a young woman, storekeeper and postmistress in one. The Particular Pet after which he inquired solicitously was not the young woman herself, as the romantically inclined might hastily suspect. This was his name, invented in a teasing mood but amply justified by the postmistress’s evident pride in the Post-Office Department’s new department, the Parcel Post.

“Finely, Mr. Adams, finely,” she replied briskly, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye which might have warned an impartial observer (which the young expressman certainly was not) that there might be something coming which he did not expect. “I have seventeen parcels this morning, and two of them”—she cast a glance under the counter as she spoke—“are fairly big ones. I think those two, anyhow, would have come by express in the old days.” She spoke as if the time before the first of January, 1913, when the express companies well-nigh monopolized the parcel-carrying of the country, were at least in the Dark Ages, if not prehistoric.

The two young people were good friends, but ever since the law had been passed, and especially during the fortnight since it had come into operation, they had indulged in daily tilts of repartee over the respective merits and prospects of express and parcel post.

Whenever the parcel post had a particularly good day, she giped triumphantly at the express company and predicted its early dissolution. When the mail-sack was light, especially if the volume of express that day were above the average, he scoffed at the idea that the Government could compete on even terms with private enterprise, and prophesied dire disaster for Uncle Sam as a carrier of parcels. The number of postal parcels had been steadily creeping up, however, and

she had begun to feel a little compunctious about “jollyng” him too much about it. But to-day the fortunes of war had presented her with too good an opportunity, and she could not resist the temptation.

“How many did you have?” she continued.

“A lot more than that,” he replied, shortly. But the indefiniteness of his statement and the crispness of his tone aroused the suspicion that the number was not as great as he could have wished. “It was the lightest Monday morning we’ve had in some time, though. We generally have forty or fifty.”

“Or used to,” she commented slyly. Then, apparently relenting a little, she continued, “How did you get on with your shopping in the city, Saturday?”

“Fine,” he replied. “I got a dandy overcoat and a swell hat. But it’s funny, they haven’t come yet. I never knew P. R. and Company to be slow about sending things before. Well, they’ll probably come on the next train. Good-morning.”

“Perhaps,” she agreed, as he turned to go. “Good-morning.” As his hand touched the door-knob, however, she said, as if she had suddenly remembered something, “Wait a minute. There’s something here for you, I believe.”

Leaning down, she drew a package from under the counter and pushed it across to him.

“This looks as if it might be an overcoat.” The twinkle in her eye was saucier than ever. “And here, if I’m not mistaken, is your hat. Why, Mr. Adams, what’s your hurry?”

But the door banged behind him and his two parcels with unmistakable emphasis.

The merit of this little tale as an illustration is perhaps not lessened by the circumstance that in its essentials it is true. The parcel post is already in active competition with the express companies. How seriously the competition is felt does not yet appear, but that the effect is material and will increase seems unquestionable. This of course is true only on small parcels, for the parcel post limit is eleven pounds, and above that weight the express monopoly is undisturbed.

A comparison of the rates charged by the

post-office and by the express companies shows the basis of the competition.

PARCEL POST AND EXPRESS RATES

A COMPARISON OF THE RATES BETWEEN NEW YORK AND A CITY IN EACH OF THE EIGHT PARCEL POST ZONES

From New York to	To Send a 1 lb. Pkg.		To Send a 5 lb. Pkg.		To Send a 10 lb. Pkg.	
	By Parcel Post.	By Ex- press.	By Parcel Post.	By Ex- press.	By Parcel Post.	By Ex- press.
Newark	\$.05	\$.25	\$.17	\$.25	\$.32	\$.30
Philadelphia . .	.06	.25	.22	.35	.42	.40
Buffalo	.07	.25	.27	.40	.52	.50
Raleigh	.08	.25	.32	.60	.62	.75
St. Louis	.09	.25	.37	.65	.72	.80
Omaha	.10	.30	.46	.75	.91	1.00
Denver	.11	.30	.51	.80	1.01	1.25
San Francisco . .	.12	.30	.60	.80	1.20	1.50

So long as the express companies keep their rates for the lighter parcels at the present figures, there seems to be every reason why the use of the parcel post should continue to increase. There is one element, however, which gives the express companies an advantage even on the parcels within the eleven-pound limit. The express rates automatically carry with them insurance against loss. In the parcel post, however, a parcel must be definitely insured through the payment of an additional fee of ten cents in practically the same way that a letter is registered. The addition of this fee to the various rates in the table above will naturally decrease the difference in favor of the parcel post. But even if the insurance fee is paid, in almost every case the resulting post-office rates are the lower.

This comparison of rates suggests that, as far as it goes, the parcel post ought to be popular. But is it popular?

Thus far there are available figures for only one month. In the first two weeks of its operation there were despatched from the fifty largest post-offices in the country six million parcels. In the second two weeks there were despatched eight and a half million parcels—a gain for the second half-month of two and one-half million parcels, or over forty per cent. The whole number of parcels despatched during the month was fourteen and a half million. The Post-Office Department has found from experience that the business done by the fifty largest post-offices is about one-half the postal business of the entire country. There were evidently, therefore, not far from thirty million parcels handled by the parcel post during the first month.

Unfortunately there are no figures avail-

able by which a direct comparison can be made with the quantity of fourth-class matter formerly handled. Nobody knows, for instance, how many pieces of fourth-class matter (all of this class now goes by parcel post) were carried in the mails in December, or in January of last year. But certain figures are available from which a more or less lame and halting comparison can be worked out.

The Post-Office Department in 1907 made an investigation of the quantities—both by weight and by number—of mail matter of the different classes. From the figures provided by this investigation an estimate was made of the number of pieces of fourth-class matter carried during the year 1908. The estimated number of fourth-class packages was a little over 145,000,000. Now, we know that between 1908 and 1912 the postal receipts increased 29 per cent, and it is fair to assume that in the past six months a further increase in revenue of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent has occurred. If the number of pieces of fourth-class matter has increased in the same ratio as the postal revenues, the Post-Office would have handled in January, provided the parcel post had not come into being, about sixteen million pieces. As a matter of fact, it handled nearly twice that number, or thirty million. The parcel post has in one month increased the use of the postal service for the carriage of parcels from a rate of a trifle over half a million a day to almost a million a day. Is the parcel post popular?

The parcel post is here. Incidentally, we need not be too proud of that fact. Forty countries of the world had the parcel post before we did. But at last we have it; and we have begun to use it with a will. Thirty million parcels a month is a good record, especially when it means probably fourteen million more parcels than would have been carried if we had continued to stick to our old fourth-class-cent-an-ounce-four-pound-limit plan. It is a new tool, but we are learning rapidly to use it. Already it is adopted for local deliveries by shoe dealers, men's furnishing stores, department stores. One big concern in St. Louis is reported to be dispensing with three-quarters of its delivery wagons. Department stores are also using the parcel post for deliveries to all parts of the country. One big store has issued a table showing the different purchases on

which free delivery will be made to places in the different parcel post zones. In the first zone a purchase of the value of one dollar weighing one pound, or of the value of five dollars weighing not over seven pounds, or of the value of seven dollars weighing not over eleven pounds, will be delivered free. Similarly, in the fourth zone—between 300 and 600 miles of New York—a 1 pound-\$2.00 purchase, or a 5 pound-\$7.00 purchase, or an 11 pound-\$14.00 purchase will be delivered free.

Among the articles carried in the post, and many of them new to it, are pitchforks, crutches, raw oysters and clams, strawberries, squirrels (dressed), beefsteak, umbrellas, pieces of machinery, sides of bacon, buckets of molasses, fishing-rods, bricks, and eggs. A dealer in Maryland proposes to deliver ice-cream by parcel post, and a dairyman to deliver cream in the same way. Brick manufacturers of the country have sent a brick house by parcel post to the Clay Products Exposition at Chicago. The house, it should perhaps be said, was sent one brick at a time, each of the manufacturers contributing his quota.

We are learning to use the parcel post, but we have a great deal yet to learn. Old habits are hard to change, and as a people we have a deeply ingrained habit of looking upon the post-office as an institution with the strictest limitations in regard to the sending of parcels. We must get used to the widened limits and form the habit of taking advantage of them. There are fascinating possibilities, many of them in the direction of helps in solving that most vexed of problems, the high cost of living.

May not the parcel post help to bring the farmer and the ultimate consumer of farm products nearer together? May it not tend, if not to the elimination of that much-objurgated personage, the middleman, at least to his sobering and possible reformation, through the building up of a wholesome competition? Why should not the farmer living within fifty miles of a city build up a trade in eggs, butter, fruits, and garden "sass" to the comfort of his and his customers' pockets as well as their palates and digestions? Let us imagine that the Gotham family, immured in the city by the demands of Father Gotham's business, knew that twice a week during the summer they could get from Farmer Ruralis, forty miles out in the country, a hamper of fresh-killed poultry, green peas, string beans, asparagus, strawberries, lettuce, cherries,

summer squash, and what-not; that the "sass" would be only a day from garden to table; that the prices would be lower than market prices; that the cost of transportation would be only thirty-five cents in and, say, eleven cents for the empty hamper back again. Would the Gotham family be interested? If they would not, they deserve wilted vegetables, mushy fruits, storage chickens, and soaring prices. Would Farmer Ruralis be interested in building up such a business, or perhaps in uniting with his neighbors to create such a business co-operatively? If not, he deserves the last twist of the thumbscrews applied by wicked ogre Middleman. Would not such a use of the parcel post do a great deal to make the cost of living behave itself? If not, why not? But we must first "get the habit." The parcel post has been in existence only two months, and it isn't spring yet.

We have the parcel post now and we shall never be without it. As a people we are many times slow about taking a step forward, but, once it is taken, we very seldom look back and practically never step back. But we shall probably find plenty of room for improvement. Already questions are beginning to raise their heads. For instance, why should a package of blank books weighing four pounds be carried for from 5 to 30 cents within a distance of a thousand miles, while a four-pound package of printed books costs 32 cents for carriage regardless of the distance? Why should the post-office be able to carry eleven pounds of blank books and only four pounds of printed books? Why should a dozen eggs go at one rate and a book on "How to Make Hens Lay" at another? Why should a cook-book and a cooking spoon be treated differently in the assessment of postage? The parcels containing them receive exactly the same treatment in post-office, mail car, mail wagon, and carriers' bag. As a matter of fact, a book is easier to handle than, say, a pitchfork. Why discriminate in favor of those things which have to do with material comfort and well-being and against those that make for intellectual improvement and entertainment? Why not, in short, make books and printed matter eligible to the parcel post?

The distinction between a garden book and a garden tool is curious enough. But a distinction even more fine-spun is to be found in our postal laws:

Let us suppose that a farmer living on a rural free delivery route wants to send ten pounds of dried peas by mail to a friend living in the town from which the route starts. If the peas are intended for planting in his friend's garden, he will pay eighty cents postage on the parcel. If the peas, on the other hand, are intended for the concoction of pea soup, the postage will be fourteen cents. If the peas are sent to a friend nearly a thousand miles away, the postage will still be eighty cents for the peas to be planted but seventy-two cents for the peas to be eaten. If the peas are sent from coast to coast, the postage on the to-be-planted peas will still be eighty cents; the postage on the to-be-made-into-soup peas will be \$1.20.

If the sender does not know what his friend intends to use the peas for, a very pretty problem will present itself to the postman and the farmer. If the farmer is shrewd, and knows the intricacies of the law, he will probably assume that his friend near by prefers soup now to the green peas which he may expect from the vines next summer if the peas are planted. If the postmaster cares more for the revenues of the Post-Office Department than for the pocketbook of his neighbor the farmer, he will probably insist that the higher rate be paid, lest the recipient of the peas should find his foresight prevailing over his appetite and should keep the peas for planting. Of course, if the peas are to travel over a thousand miles, the rôles of postman and farmer would be reversed, for the farmer will save money by intending the peas to be planted, while the Government will make money if it assumes that the peas are intended to be eaten.

What would happen if the peas, having been mailed at the to-be-eaten rate, were diverted by the changeable recipient to planting purposes? One may imagine a suspicious post-office inspector, with furtive step and melodramatic disguise, spying upon the innocent citizen, who had thought in March that he wanted pea soup, as he blithely drops the once-to-be-eaten-now-to-be-planted peas into the furrow. And the fancy can paint the picture of the astonished farmer miles away, entirely unconscious that his friend's thirst for soup has changed to a longing for green peas, as he is taken into custody and haled away to answer some dreadful charge of defrauding the United States Government.

Perhaps the high lights in this picture are

a little too high, the colors a trifle raw. But the background is in perfect drawing, the tones true to life. Look on page 8 of a scarlet-covered pamphlet entitled "Parcel Post Regulations," issued by the Post-Office Department. There you will find:

6. Samples of wheat and other grain in its natural condition, potatoes, beans, peas, chestnuts, acorns, etc., *when intended for planting*, must be prepaid at the special rate of postage prescribed in paragraph 4 [one cent for two ounces], but *when intended to be used as food* the parcel post rates apply.

The italics are ours; but not even italics are sufficient adequately to express the wonder which such a provision arouses in the non-Congressional mind.

There are two or three other directions in which there seems room for improvement if the convenience of the public is to be considered the prime consideration in postal arrangements.

The requirement of distinctive stamps for parcel post packages is a little bothersome to the sender of occasional parcels. But if certain improvements in the postal service, which we shall describe presently, are carried out, there may well be a strong argument in favor of the special parcel post stamp.

The requirement that parcels must be mailed at post-offices and postal stations and not in mail-boxes (even when they are large enough to receive them) seems a hardship. But we venture to guess that this requirement will be but temporary; and there seem to be two good reasons for it. The installment of the parcel post, all at once all over the country, has necessitated the creation of a large amount of new machinery and the adaptation of existing machinery to new conditions. To establish a collection service for parcels for New York City, for instance, would have been a tremendous task. It is probably very well to get the new system running smoothly before that additional burden is thrown upon it.

In addition, the rates of postage and rules of procedure of the parcel post are of necessity complicated. Until the public is familiar with them and accustomed to their use, it undoubtedly avoids a great deal of confusion, delay, and error to require parcels to be mailed at post-offices. When the public has acquired the parcel post habit, the requirement may well be dropped.

The weight limit of eleven pounds is another point where a pointed question mark raises its head. If it is for the general wel-

fare that the postal service should carry eleven-pound parcels, why not twenty pounds, or fifty, or a hundred? Even in China twenty-two pounds may be sent by parcel post, while in Germany the limit is 110 pounds, in Russia it is 120 pounds, and in Belgium 132 pounds. It is perhaps significant that in the three countries last named the railways are state-owned, while in the United States not only are the railways privately owned enterprises, but so also are those carriers of parcels, the express companies. It is more than twenty years since a Postmaster-General cited as the four reasons why we did not have a parcel post the four great express companies. But at last, in spite even of such powerful forces as those, we have a parcel post, even if, compared with the systems of such great countries as Belgium or such advanced countries as China, our eleven-pound parcel post seems a very little one. Perhaps, now that we have made a start at overcoming the inertia which kept us stock still for so long, we may go ahead and catch up with some of our neighbors of the world.

The zone system is another feature of the parcel post which is severely questioned. There is no doubt that it is a nuisance. How much easier it would be for the citizen if when he wanted to mail a package he did not need to concern himself at all with the distance it was to travel! How much less trouble merely to weigh a package, stick on the stamps, and send it off! To be sure, there are already available maps and guides and ready reckoners for the computation of the zone rates. There is even a new scale on which the rate for any zone can be read direct from the face, just as one reads, on an ordinary scale, the weight. Nevertheless, it remains true that for the average citizen the zone system is a nuisance.

The argument in its favor, of course, is that in the carrying of parcels the price paid for the service should in each case be roughly proportioned to the cost of the service. Otherwise the man who sends a parcel ten miles will have to pay more than the cost of the service in order that his neighbor who sends a parcel a thousand miles may be able to pay less than the cost of the service he receives. Freight, express, and passenger rates are all based on this principle. Why should the rates for the Government's express service be based on any other principle? It is also argued that the United States is so big

a country that we cannot, in the interests both of fairness and of economy, have uniform parcel post rates for all distances, as is done in many of the smaller countries of the world. But Russia, China, and Australia are fairly extensive countries, and they all have a parcel post without the zone system. Perhaps the example of Germany may give us a suggestion, for the carrying out of which we already have a start in our own system. In Germany, on packages up to eleven pounds in weight, the rates are fixed regardless of distance. On heavier parcels there is a zone system for fixing the charges. In our parcel post we have exactly the same condition, except that our zone rates begin, not at eleven pounds, but at four ounces. Perhaps we shall find it expedient to raise the point below which rates are fixed regardless of distance, so that it will be as simple a process to mail a pair of shoes or five pounds of walnuts in this country as it is in England or Germany or Australia or China, or as easy as it is even here to mail a package of books.

The great need in relation to the parcel post, as in relation to the whole postal service, is simplification. We now have seven or eight classifications of postal matter bearing different rates. There is need for but three:

First Class. Letters and sealed matter.

Second Class. Newspapers and periodicals mailed in bulk by publishers.

Third Class. Parcels.

Such a classification would make for convenience, efficiency, and economy. The private citizen would then have to do with but two classes, the first and the third. He would know, without any investigation, that if his piece of mail matter either contained writing or was sealed, it belonged to the first class, and that otherwise it would belong to the third class.

Such a classification would not only be a convenience to the citizen, but it would form a basis for wide improvements in the efficiency of the postal service. One great trouble with our service now is that it is well-nigh impossible to know, as a business man knows of his own business, what is really going on within the service. Until we have the postal service so organized that costs, profits and losses, wastes and extravagances, can be determined quickly and accurately, we shall have no basis for intelligent and effective improvement. If the parcel post shall provide an incentive to such an examina-

tion of the postal service as will make clear its defects and its needs and shall lead to improvements in the direction of business

efficiency and extended public service, the country will have added reason for welcoming its establishment.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE: PATHFINDER

I WILL go anywhere, provided that it be forward," said Livingstone, when those who should aid him were divided in their counsels and purposes. The phrase is the keynote to Livingstone's character. The interest which next week's centenary of the birth of the great missionary and explorer has aroused is not perfunctory or dependent upon a date. It is rather a renewed expression of the continuous admiration the world feels for Livingstone the man. To know him best one must of course read his "Journals;" but hardly any noted man has been the subject of more biographies. More than a score are already on the book-list, while the present occasion has called out new editions of several old books, including also Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone" and his other African books. Among the newly published biographies may be mentioned that by C. Silvester Horne, because of its convenience as affording a brief but spirited survey of the whole subject.

Livingstone once spoke of "my own order, the honest poor." He was born in a little Scottish mill-town, and his father was a small tradesman—evidently of a sturdy and Puritanic character; for it is on record that he whipped his boy David for refusing to read "Wilberforce's Practical Christianity." David did not object to reading theology (he spent the first money he earned for a Bible), but he did object to reading theology in which he did not believe. Apparently his earliest views were dogmatic and severe; but he soon came to see that (to use his own words) religion and science are friendly to each other; and as one reads his African "Journals" one sees that he laid less and less stress on theological dogma and more and more stress on the Divine life and the Divine words. Stanley said of Livingstone: "In him religion exhibited its loveliest features; it governed his conduct, not only towards his servants, but towards the natives, the bigoted Mohammedan, and all who come in contact with him. Religion has tamed him and made him a Christian gentleman."

If one were asked to describe concisely Livingstone's summary of work, it could not possibly be done better than in the words upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey: "For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, to abolish the desolating slave trade, of Central Africa." The first portion of his work in Africa, extending over about eleven years, put missionary effort in the personal sense above all else, and was really an educative period for his own mind and purpose. Missionary he was indeed always and to the end, but his conception of missionary labor grew broader, and he saw more and more that his appointed mission was to open to the knowledge of the world and to the approach of civilization and religion a vast unknown territory. In his two great expeditions into the interior, and in his long years of life among the natives, he had this larger mission constantly in mind. Over and over again he said, "I will open a path into the interior or perish," and again, "I will not swerve a hair's-breadth from my work while life is spared." Slavery he called "the open sore of the world;" and in the book finished by him on the day upon which Abraham Lincoln was assassinated he painted its horrors with unsparing words. Elsewhere he describes the efforts to drive from his memory the nauseous details of the slave trade, and tells how they made him start up at dead of night, horrified by their vividness. In a personal letter he once—and probably only once—touched the subject with a bit of humor, when he said: "I go with the sailor who, on seeing slave-traders, said, 'If the devil don't catch those fellows we might as well have no devil at all.'"

The extraordinary thing about Livingstone's work as an explorer was the slenderness of his resources as compared with the actual work accomplished. His patience and persistence were endless. His practical adaptability was equally surprising. For instance, he took lessons in astronomy so that he might make solar observations in his travels,

and the Astronomer Royal, years after, wrote of what he actually did in this way as "unprecedented," adding: "You could go to any point across the entire continent along Livingstone's track and feel certain of your position." So, too, having learned on his way out to Africa something about a steamship, long after, when he had a river boat to use, he acted with perfect success as pilot and engineer.

It would not be possible here to follow in detail the story of Livingstone's exploration. Even in the eleven years which made up the earlier period of his African work he penetrated farther north from the Cape than any other white man, and discovered Lake Ngami and the upper reaches of the Zambezi. In the second period (1853-1856) his explorations led to almost a complete reconstruction of the map of Central Africa, filled in many blank spaces on that map, and contributed splendidly to our knowledge of natural science in Africa. It was in this expedition that he discovered the famous Victoria Falls. This expedition gave him for the first time also a large and correct idea of the general configuration of the continent, and of the extent and nature of its water system. Two years at home in England were spent in arousing public interest in African questions, and then he returned, nominally as a British Consul for the Eastern Coast, but also as the commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa. The discovery of Lake Nyassa was one of the notable results of this expedition. When, in 1865, Livingstone started for his third great expedition, from which he never returned alive, he was appointed British Consul to Central Africa—without a salary, however, while the Government contributed only \$2,500 to the expense of the expedition. The purpose of the expedition was to do what it could towards suppressing the horrors of the slave trade, and at the same time to study the regions between Nyassa and Tanganyika. It was about six years later, and when it was generally feared that Livingstone was dead, that Henry M. Stanley, sent out by the New York "Herald," walked into Livingstone's camp at Ujiji. During that time Livingstone had almost starved to death; had over and over again almost succumbed to illness; had been deserted by some natives and attacked by others; had been tricked by slave-hunters—yet had covered by slow degrees a large territory in the neighborhood

of Tanganyika and elsewhere; had accumulated facts about the slave trade which shocked and astounded the outside world; and had given to the natives a serene and patient example of Christian manhood which brought about him a small band of devoted native followers who loved him and aided him in circumstances in which other explorers could have succeeded only by force.

One biographer says: "In all the countries through which he traveled his memory is cherished by the native tribes, who, almost without exception, treated Livingstone as a superior being; his treatment of them was always tender, gentle, and gentlemanly." To this may be added a phrase from a letter written to Livingstone by Henry M. Stanley and now first published in the Centenary Edition of Stanley's book, "How I Found Livingstone." In it Stanley speaks of Livingstone as "an embodiment of warm good-fellowship, of everything that is noble and right, of sound common sense, of everything practical and right-minded." Stanley failed to shake Livingstone in his determination to carry on his work and solve the problems which still puzzled him after his long struggle. He brought back Livingstone's journals and letters. They parted in March, 1872, and Livingstone, under gradually failing strength, continued his life-work in the interior for a little more than a year longer. Then his faithful boy, Majwara, on the morning of the first of May, 1873, found his master in the attitude of prayer beside his bed. David Livingstone was dead. No stronger evidence of his love for his followers, and theirs for him, could possibly be found than in the fact that they brought his body more than a thousand miles from the center of Africa, through a hostile country, to the coast. As Mr. Horne says: "The method, order, and reverence of their proceedings would have done honor to the wisest and most civilized of our race."

Livingstone was probably the very greatest man who did pioneer exploring work in Africa during the nineteenth century. Whereas certain other men, notably Stanley, traveled with an immense equipment and with all that money could give, Livingstone traveled in the simplest fashion. He had a singular power of impressing every man, white or black, with whom he came in contact. The English big-game hunters were his devoted friends. Mungo Murray and W. Cotton Oswell went with him when he dis-

covered Lake Ngami, and in the Big Game volume of the Badminton Library Oswell has left on record a delightful chapter dealing with him. A few phrases may be quoted here:

There was one trait in his character which has never been made enough of—a kind of firm persistence to do whatever he had set his mind on . . . a quiet determination to carry out his own views in his own way, without feeling himself bound to give any reason or explanation further than that he intended doing so and so. This was an immense help to him, for it made him supremely self-reliant; and if he had not been, he could never have done half that he did. . . With his quiet endurance, and entire lack of fussiness and excitability, content to wait and let patience have her perfect work, quite satisfied that the day should bring forth what it liked, he was eminently the "*justum et tenacem propositi virum*," on whom man or elements made but slight impression, yet strangely withal very enthusiastic.

Livingstone had a singular power of dealing with black men. He was very just, very sympathetic, and never weak. In his account of his last journeys he makes a statement which could well be pondered by those of every generation who advocate peace at any price, when he points out that inability to defend one's self is an invitation to plunder and wrong-doing, that the help-

less African tribes are always despoiled and plundered by their more warlike brethren, and that it is hopeless to get fair dealing and civilization in Africa unless the power of righteousness is backed up by force. Yet there never was a man who was more scrupulous to make might the servant of right; and his broad and kindly fellow-feeling went out as sincerely to the black man as to the white man. Wherever he passed he made it easier for other white men to follow him, because of the high esteem engendered for him in the minds of the tribes through which he went. He cared nothing for sport, and was neither a shot nor a rider; but a braver man never lived. No form of peril daunted him. After escaping savage men and savage beasts, after having been mauled by a lion and been within a hair's-breadth of losing his life by the spears of dangerous and truculent barbarians, he finally succumbed to fever when far from men of his own race and surrounded only by his devoted and faithful black followers. He did admirable missionary work, and he left behind him one of the greatest names on the honor roll that tells of the many men who valiantly and uncomplainingly faced and met death in opening to light the Dark Continent.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE QUARTERLY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE first number of "The Constructive Quarterly," "A Journal of the Faith, Work, and Thought of Christendom," is of noteworthy character. There is not an article in it which does not deserve careful study. As is stated in the introduction, the journal is founded on the conviction that a constructive treatment of Christianity will make for a better understanding between the isolated communions of Christendom. It attempts, not to tear down, but to build, on what the Christian Churches are actually believing, doing, and thinking. Writers of all churches are brought together—Catholics, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Orthodox, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists. They are not invited to occupy neutral territory, but common ground—the ground of loyalty to the essentials of Christianity. There are only two conditions imposed upon contrib-

utors: first, that the faith and work and thought of each communion shall be presented in its absolute integrity, including and not avoiding differences with other communions; and, second, that no attack with polemical animus shall be made on others. In short, the purpose is that the adherents of each Christian Church shall set their own case forward as strongly as possible, rather than assail any other Church. The "Quarterly" is meant not merely for clergymen, but for Christian laymen; and its purpose is to induce a better understanding and a truer sense of fellowship among them.

The opening article by Dr. DuBose, of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee, on "Constructive Christianity," is one well worth reading. It cannot be read without very serious thought, and it emphatically repays such serious thought. It

is rare indeed for any article of the kind to show such breadth and scope. It is significant to see in such a magazine articles by Wilfrid Ward and John J. Wynne presenting the Catholic, and Friedrich Loofs presenting the Lutheran, views. They are scholarly articles, in excellent temper, each loyal to its own standards and each written in a way that proves the possibility of this kind of open forum.

Bishop McConnell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, treats of Conversion in singularly sane fashion and really places Conversion in its true perspective as a part of Christianity. Canon Sanday, in writing of "The Pacific and the Warlike Ideals," undoubtedly scores neatly off the German General whom he criticises, although he is not quite so successful in presenting his own ideals. Mr. Henderson, the Secretary of the English Labor Party, has a very striking paper on "Religion and Labor," and Robert E. Speer a delightful study of Clay Trumbull under the head of "A Puritan Saint." Professor Bacon, in discussing St. Paul's "Message to Religion," writes a really brilliant paper.

But to me personally the most interesting among all these interesting articles is that by Dean Mathews, entitled "The Awakening of American Protestantism." It is not only stimulating and thoroughly American in its presentation of Protestantism, but it has a grasp of present-day industrial and political conditions that is really astonishing. The Dean's insistence is on the need of the churches to-day adjusting themselves to the modern world by laying new emphasis upon the social implications of the Gospel. He says frankly that hitherto, as in the Peasants' revolt, the Church has usually been on the side of the socially dominant class, urging them to charity, it is true, but not to a sacrificial transformation of a social order. His article is so very good that my tendency is to quote it all. I cannot forbear quoting the following:

The attitude of the New England capitalist towards his employees was only one stage removed from the attitude of the Southern planter to the Negroes. He might be ready to care for them personally, but he was not ready to see any change in the structure of society which gave the laboring classes larger rights. Such charity recognizes no rights on the part of the person helped. And as long as charity rules, justice is feeble.

This new social interest of Protestant Christianity in America, as in Great Britain, is radi-

cally different from that of charity. It cares less for good Samaritans than it does for good policemen. It wants to save men into Heaven by embodying the principles of the Kingdom of Heaven in the state. It is less concerned in rescuing people than in educating them to keep out of danger. Its fundamental motive has not changed; it still seeks to extend the principles of love. But the love it urges is more intelligent. Your sociological Christian is no keener to do good than were the early Christians who preferred martyrdom to political revolution, but his knowledge of the social problem makes him attend primaries rather than inactively await the millennium.

It must be admitted that certain groups of Protestants, notably the Pre-millenarians, have little sympathy with the evangelization of social evolution, and that to others real democracy is as hateful as were tyrants to the song-writers of the eighteenth century. But in the long run the Church will follow its creative enthusiasm; and there is only one great creative enthusiasm in American Protestantism—the gospel of a saved society as well as of saved individuals.

Compare this utterance of a Protestant Dean with that of a Catholic Archbishop. The venerable Archbishop Spalding in his book "Socialism and Labor and Other Arguments" writes as follows:

There must be brought into our public life something to appeal to minds and conscience as well as to interests; for it is the disgrace of a Nation that its chief concern should be a question of money, and that the significance of political contests should lie in the emoluments of office; and while this state of things continues our best men will remain aloof from the struggle, and leave the direction of public affairs in the hands of the baser sort. We need an ideal to which all noble minds and generous hearts may rally, and this ideal here in America at the present day can neither be intellectual nor religious; it must be moral. There is still left in the mass of the people a deep moral earnestness which, if it can be called into action, may yet lift the whole Nation to higher and purer life. The welfare of the Nation demands a new party springing from the deep yearning of multitudes for purer and nobler National life and upheld by the enthusiasm inspired by high moral aims and purposes.

I have quoted this address from the Archbishop, then Bishop of Peoria, because it bears out so well not only the teaching of Dean Mathews but the whole trend of thought and purpose of the "Constructive Quarterly" itself.

I believe that the "Quarterly" will fill a great place. It is impossible to read it, or, more accurately, to study it (for it is a magazine that calls for study), without feeling in a great world atmosphere, an atmosphere of the great world problems before us all. As an American I am glad that such a journal should be published in this country.

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF MADERO

BY PRESTON S. KRECKER

This personal study of Francisco Madero by a New York newspaper man who knew him will give the reader an unbiased view of Madero's strength, weakness, and aspirations. It will therefore afford an adequate explanation of what the recent revolution in Mexico means and what it promises and threatens. This article will be followed by articles directly from Mexico by The Outlook's special correspondent, Mr. Edwin Emerson. Mr. Emerson, as announced last week, sailed for Vera Cruz within a few days after the downfall of Madero. His experience as a war correspondent in Cuba and South America and his unusually extensive knowledge of Mexican affairs will, we are confident, make his articles valuable and interesting.—THE EDITORS.

MY first meeting with the late President Madero of Mexico took place in the Presidencia of the National Palace, Mexico City, early last March, when the Orozco uprising in the north was beginning to look formidable. Standing in the midst of a group of Cabinet officers and military men, I saw a little, swarthy man talking and gesticulating excitedly and glancing from one to another eagerly. He was not more than five feet two inches in height, and looked still shorter among the much taller dark men surrounding him. He had a rather broad forehead, and his bright eyes were set well apart. His black, pointed beard was carefully trimmed. His cutaway coat was a marked contrast with the more formal frock coats of his dignified counselors.

Ernesto Madero, Minister of Finance, presented me as a correspondent whose newspapers favored the constitutional government of Mexico.

"Ah, I'm glad to know you!" exclaimed the little man in excellent English, smiling. "Look!" he cried triumphantly, showing me a letter which he had been flourishing, and which had evidently been the subject of conversation when I entered. "All the New York papers are my friends. They all want me to succeed."

The letter which had pleased him so much was from another newly arrived correspondent, who represented one of the great metropolitan papers. It assured Mr. Madero that the paper the writer represented was friendly, and tendered him its news columns as a medium for the dissemination of authentic information about Mexican affairs.

"They cannot succeed," Madero replied to a question about the revolt in the north. "They have no real grievance and have not a large following. The people are not in sympathy with them. I'll put down their

revolution quickly." Events have shown how over-confident he was.

The next moment he darted away to say something to one of his Ministers. As I left the room his rather high-pitched voice was heard above the others in animated conversation. He laughed almost boyishly, and seemed to be in high spirits.

Although I met "the little man of Chapultepec" quite frequently after that occasion, during a rather prolonged stay in Mexico City, I never saw him appear depressed or worried. Even when the situation looked blackest he never wavered. He was constitutionally optimistic and courageous, and had the happy gift of inspiring those around him with his own spirit. More than once I have seen Cabinet ministers who had gone into his office troubled and downcast emerge relieved and smiling. The little man's optimism had cheered them. The supreme confidence of Madero was not that of a dictator who relied on the brute force of arms. Madero never was over-confident of the loyalty of an army which was the creation of Porfirio Diaz and was officered by men whom Diaz had almost raised from the cradle. It was the confidence of a man who had faith in himself and in the equity of his policies, and who felt that the great silent masses were supporting him.

The first impression of Madero was not wholly favorable. His antics—for such they appeared then—looked undignified and did not tend to increase respect for him. But longer acquaintance gave a better insight into his personality and revealed beneath an apparently volatile surface a strength of character previously undreamed of. No one who was thrown into frequent contact with Madero could doubt that he was sincere or that he was animated by high motives. He was a new type in Latin-American politics. He was not a political buccaneer. There was

no yellow streak in him, as there is in most revolutionists south of the Rio Grande. Madero, there is reason to believe, would have gladly evaded the burden which rested on him after Porfirio Diaz had been exiled. I once had the pleasure of meeting an aged friend of Madero, an ex-Governor whom Madero had invited to enter his Cabinet. The old man declined, advising Madero to choose a younger and more vigorous man. In the course of our conversation he assured me that after the flight of the elder Diaz, during the provisional Presidency of Francisco de la Barra, Madero confided to him that he wished he could find some escape from heading the permanent government which had to be established; that he had achieved his object when he overthrew Diaz and now would be glad to let some one else shoulder the burden of giving Mexico a better government.

His aged friend told Madero that he alone was the logical candidate for President at the general elections which had been called, and that it was his duty to carry to completion the work he had begun. Madero saw the soundness of this reasoning, and reluctantly consented to run for President. He was elected by an almost unanimous vote.

It is the popular thing now to belittle Madero as having been nothing but a dreamer. It seems to me that this characterization does not do the man justice. A more accurate description would be to call him a reformer. A genuine reformer aims to give a people something different and better than they have had, and that is what Madero aimed to do. He felt that he had a mission to perform—the mission of lifting the masses of Mexico from the poverty, ignorance, and superstition in which they are submerged. He died a martyr to an idea, possibly for Mexico a chimera—government by the people. Government by constitutional methods as contrasted with government by a predatory oligarchy was Madero's political creed. The thought found expression in his writings, his speeches, and his public acts. With him the word "constitutional" had an almost sacred significance. He was the first man elected President by constitutional methods, and he was the first to attempt to govern by the same methods, though Mexico had had a dead-letter Constitution since 1857.

Madero failed to complete his self-appointed task, but, like all real reformers, he left his impress upon his country. The best proof of this assertion is the fact that the men who

betrayed him and are under grave suspicion of being responsible for his tragic death are now promising the very reforms which he preached when he fought Porfirio Diaz, and tried to effect after he had overthrown him.

Visionary in some respects Madero no doubt was, and lacking in an understanding of the inherent difficulty of applying to Mexico a form of government for which only a homogeneous and highly civilized people are fit. He was an amateur in politics, and permitted himself to be hoodwinked at times. He has been accused of ingratitude to those to whom he owed his success. I do not know whether this charge is true or not. I do know that he was foolishly loyal to some friends. Had he bowed to public opinion and ousted Vice-President Pino Suarez from office he would have rid his administration of a man who, next to Gustavo Madero, was the most cordially hated man in Mexico, and might thus have saved his own neck. But Madero stuck to Suarez to the bitter end and finally died with him.

Madero hated bloodshed. Humanity was with him a cardinal virtue, and it also was his weakness as ruler of a people who understand only the iron hand. He alone of Mexico's executives would not resort to the barbarous "ley de fuga" to get rid of his political enemies, insisting upon a government by law as one contrasted with one by force. Even when delay was most dangerous his counselors could not swerve him from his determination to observe the constitutional requirements. When guerrilla bands of rebels were devastating ranches and murdering defenseless people, he insisted upon suspension of constitutional guarantees by Congress before he would adopt the drastic punitive methods which alone seemed to avail against those bandits.

Even when such Congressional permission had been given and his generals were at liberty to shoot and hang Zapatistas without the formality of trial, Madero instructed them to use clemency and recalled no less than three of his best fighting men from the robber-ridden State of Morelos for shedding, as he thought, the blood of innocents. Huerta, who betrayed Madero and is now Provisional President of Mexico, was recalled early in Madero's administration on that charge, and never forgave Madero for the public rebuke he administered. Blanquet, another of the triumvirate ruling Mexico now, also was recalled

on similar grounds; and Robles, another old-line fighter of the Diaz type, was the third to be called off after he had inaugurated stern, swift punishment for rebels. Madero was criticised unsparingly for these acts, which were cited as proof of his inefficiency as an executive.

Madero's almost fatuous aversion to violence was his final undoing. Last October, after the abortive first revolution of Felix Diaz had collapsed and Diaz himself was a prisoner, Madero's councilors urged, even begged, him to shoot Diaz at once. They warned him that it was dangerous to his own supremacy to let him live. Madero was deaf to their entreaties, declaring that Diaz should have every guarantee the Constitution granted. He would try him by court martial, and if the military trial board found Diaz guilty of treason, he should be shot then, not before. Diaz was found guilty and was condemned to death. Everybody expected to see him summarily put to death, but Madero's aversion to bloodshed was such that he delayed execution long enough to permit Diaz's friends to apply to the civil courts for a writ of "amparo," which operated as a stay until Diaz could have a civil trial. The legal ground upon which the courts granted the writ was that Diaz had resigned from the army before taking to the war-path, and that, under the Constitution, a civilian could not be executed by order of court martial. Madero accepted the court's order and confined Diaz in prison to await civil trial. He was still awaiting such trial when he was released by his friends and started the movement which cost Madero first his office and then his life.

Much has been said about corruption in the short-lived Madero régime, and there have been many tales of a looted treasury. I have always doubted that there was much truth in these ugly reports. Certainly not even his bitterest enemies have ever charged Madero himself with being corrupt. His brother, Gustavo Madero, who was an adroit politician and was building up in Mexico a political machine modeled after those of our own country, was generally regarded as "the man higher up" in the Madero administration, but there is reason to doubt that Gustavo was as black as he was painted, though he did not hesitate to use methods common to men of his stripe in this country.

His diminutive stature made Madero an easy target for the gibes of Mexican cartoon-

ists, who invariably portrayed him as a dwarf and nicknamed him "chapparito" (little fellow). But Madero's small frame was sturdy and his full, tanned face was that of a man in good health. His power of endurance was surprising even to his friends. No matter how hard he worked or how great the strain under which he was laboring, his eye always was bright and his mind alert. One secret of his excellent physical condition was his abstemious habits. He neither used tobacco nor drank intoxicants. He knew the value of exercise, and would take a horse-back ride every morning before beginning his day's work. Madero was a "country boy," a member of the small but growing and prosperous middle class of Mexico, who make their money in business and not through political favoritism. Madero's broad forehead suggested scholarly habits of thought. He was of a religious turn of mind, but disliked the Roman Catholic Church, which he held responsible for much ignorance and superstition among the Mexican masses, and was a believer in spiritualism. He had been educated in the United States and Paris and spoke both French and English.

Madero was Jeffersonian in his democratic simplicity. He was not ostentatiously plain as a play to the gallery. His was the natural simplicity of a man who was born to great wealth but had not been spoiled by dissipation or accession to power. There was not in his bearing even the suggestion of the bombast and opera bouffe strut of the typical Latin-American political freebooter. His dress was always in quiet good taste. Only on formal occasions would he wear a frock coat. When he led what at the time looked like a forlorn hope against the then powerful Porfirio Diaz, Madero disdained the comforts his money might have bought him and shared all the hardships of his followers in the field, lived their rough life, ate their humble fare, and slept with them on the bare ground or on the floor of a box car. An American who spent months with him in the field afterwards told me how one night after a hard march Madero, with Chesterfieldian courtesy, insisted that the American occupy the sole cot they had, while he slept, wrapped in a serape, on the ground.

After his ascendancy to the Presidency, Madero retained this kinship with the man lower down. The humblest citizen could get an audience at the Presidencia of the National Palace, where twice a week Madero received

the public. I never shall forget the picturesque crowd which would gather in the antechamber of the President's office. Aristocrats and politicians in the top-hats and frock coats which the upper-class Mexican affects so much, rich hacendados or ranch-owners in their leather charro suits glittering with silver braid and their huge silvered sombreros, army men proud of their gold stripes and brass buttons, could be seen rubbing elbows with meek peons of pure Indian blood and poor women, some with babes in their arms, all waiting their turn to see the President. Of course only a small minority ultimately saw him, but, under his orders, those whom he could not receive in person were turned over to some subordinate official to whom they could state their case.

While President Madero followed the Mexican precedent of making a display of military pomp on public occasions, he preferred on ordinary occasions to go to and fro unnoticed, and it was not unusual to see the Presidential automobile, occupied by Madero and his wife, pass through the streets unattended, the only semblance of a guard being the President's aide, in civilian dress, who would occupy a seat in the same vehicle. His life at Chapultepec Castle was in keeping with his democratic ideas. The Presidential guard of picked soldiers, a necessity in a troubled country such as Mexico, kept watch against intruders, but once in the Castle there was surprising simplicity. For a long time persons not in official life could gain access to the President by the private entrance; but this privilege finally became abused, and toward the end of his brief administration it was difficult to see Madero at the Castle.

Unlike his predecessor, President Madero made the historic Castle his winter as well as his summer home. There he and Mrs. Madero—they had no children—frequently entertained members of their families in a quiet way, and of course gave afternoons for the diplomatic set, but otherwise their life at Chapultepec was unpretentious. Now and then Madero would be seen at the Teatro Arbeu during the opera season, and more rarely he would turn up at the Country Club on a Sunday afternoon and mingle with the gay cosmopolitan crowd that is wont to gather there every week. At such times the President would flit from one to another of his friends in an entirely informal way.

Mr. Madero's day was pretty well occupied. After his early horseback ride he

would begin his labors every morning before nine o'clock, when he would meet his private secretary and go over correspondence with him. Each Cabinet officer had his morning at Chapultepec once a week to confer with the President, and every Tuesday morning the Cabinet would meet there in a body. The President was generally occupied until nearly two o'clock. Then he would take a siesta, after which he would receive by appointment. Sometimes he would drive down to the National Palace. He was often busy giving audiences until a late hour at night. He made it a rule to retire early.

When giving audience Mr. Madero would look his visitor squarely in the eye with an inquiring glance. His manner was that of one eager to get at the point of the matter in hand. He was apparently anxious to help or explain, and always seemed supremely confident of himself. With his councilors he was intensely earnest, and during conferences with them his voice could be heard at times in high-pitched argument making a point. He was his own master and took the initiative in matters pertaining to his government.

President Madero appreciated the value of publicity, and was his own press agent. When the Orozco revolution was at its height he maintained a publicity office at Chapultepec Castle, where bulletins on the progress of military operations were issued almost nightly for several weeks. He gave the impression of being fully posted on what was taking place, and of being familiar with the details of his administration. When correspondents desired important information, they often found the President himself the best source of facts. While he was inclined to give a favorable color to all his information, it happened several times that the "good news" he gave out proved more authentic than the "bad news" that had come from other sources. This proved to be the case particularly during the first uprising of Felix Diaz last October, when the most alarming reports came to Mexico City from apparently authentic sources. President Madero always insisted that his navy had remained loyal, but the correspondents did not believe he was correctly informed. After the abortive uprising had been quelled it turned out that he was right. The gunboats had consistently stood by the flag.

Mr. Madero on occasion would send signed statements to the American papers of his own initiative, and this practice once spoiled

an "exclusive" for me. The intervention bogie had appeared again, and this time there were reports of an understanding between President Taft and the Mexican Government whereby the United States was to come in as Madero's ally. I hastened to Chapultepec Castle and sought an interview with the President himself; but he was engaged, and I had to reach him through a relative. I explained to the latter what I had heard, and pointed out the importance of an authentic statement.

Impressed with my arguments, the man promised to see the President at the first opportunity and get from him a signed declaration. Later I was informed that one had been prepared. Great was my disappointment when the President's private secretary handed me a duplicate copy of a message Mr. Madero had just cabled to several American papers. He had been so much impressed with the importance of setting the American public right on the matter that he had decided to spread the news as widely as possible.

Last summer it was my good fortune to accompany Mr. Madero on the only extended trip he made during his Presidency and to observe his personal side at close range. The jaunt was taken a few weeks after the organized revolution of Orozco had been crushed, and apparently his failure had discouraged the other rebel guerrillas from continuing their activities. The whole country brightened up and business began to revive. Most people thought peace had been restored. Mr. Madero chose that respite to inspect the great electric power works of the foreign corporation which lights Mexico City and operates its street car system. The trip to the plant, which is one hundred miles from the capital, occupied three days, and was replete with interesting incidents. Along the entire route the populace turned out to greet the President, his journey suggesting the campaign tour of an American candidate for President.

Madero would invariably step to the rear platform of his private car and show himself to the people. Now and then he would make a speech. Flags would flutter, bombs and firecrackers explode, and the populace would cheer, very much as an American crowd might have done; but the analogy ended there, for no such picturesque crowds greet our American Presidents as Madero faced—peons wrapped in serapes and wearing huge

sombreros on their heads and sandals on their feet or else going barefooted; women of the Indian type, often barefooted and always hatless, with silent babes peeping out from the rebossas which wound around and around their mothers' forms; hacendados clad in leather charro suits and riding ponies burdened with huge Mexican saddles and cruelly curbed with Spanish bits; children, some strangers to clothing and most clad in tattered garments.

All of President Madero's speeches on this trip were in the same strain; he evidently wished to impress upon the people that Mexico had entered upon a new era and that the masses were at last coming into their own, and that the downtrodden were to have a chance to rise. He told his hearers that henceforth they would have a free ballot and a voice in their government; that he meant to put an end to abuses by *jefe políticos*, those local officers of the Mexican Government who are not responsible to the people and yet exercise autocratic power, often to life or death. He assured them that he would lend an ear to their grievances, and try to remedy them. He invariably declared that he was only a citizen like themselves, that all men were on the same level.

At Necaxa, our destination, the crowd had a spokesman, who made a bitter complaint against the local *jefe político*, whom he described as a tyrant, and asked for his removal. Mr. Madero assured the crowd that he would investigate the case at once. He did so, calling the *jefe* and also leading citizens before him, and conducting an inquiry. But he did not take snap judgment, deferring his decision until a further investigation could be made.

While the humble Indian was making his plea for relief from oppression, Colonel Eduardo Hay, who lost an eye fighting for Madero, turned to me and said: "That scene alone is worth the loss of my eye. Never before have the poor people of Mexico had a chance to appeal to their President against a grievance. Under Porfirio Diaz that man would have been signing his death-warrant had he dared to open his mouth. The *jefe político* would have arrested him, and he would never have been seen again. Why, there never was a spontaneous public demonstration in favor of a Mexican President before Madero was elected."

Once, at Necaxa, Mr. Madero entered into the holiday spirit which animated the entire party. Dressed for an outing in a khaki

Norfolk suit, he rode on improvised seats on a box car over the company's private railway, and manifested the keenest interest in the wonderful hydro-electric power plant which foreign capital had installed at enormous expense. He wanted every particular of the work shown and explained to him in detail. At a formal banquet given at the plant in his honor, he made a speech in which he said that Mexico welcomed foreign capital and that his government would do its best to protect foreign property from predatory bands of rebels.

He mingled freely with the members of the party in a most democratic manner, chatting and joking with them unconventionally. His wife was his constant companion and usually they walked arm in arm, surrounded by a group of friends, Mexican and foreign. He sat down at the same long table as the rest of the party during the two days they spent at Necaxa, and was approachable by any one. One of his immediate party had a kodak, and the President and his friends had fun taking snap-shots at each other. The President would pose with evident enjoyment.

On the return trip to Mexico City the train stopped at a remote way station to take water. Two lone Indians—father and son—were there to greet the President. They wore the white cotton pajamas which are the Mexican peon's dress. Their bare feet were

sandaled, and in their hands they carried straw sombreros, which they had respectfully removed from their cone-shaped heads. Both stepped up to the train timidly. The son spoke in a soft voice which resembled nothing so much as the babbling of a child. He told Mr. Madero that they had heard that the President would pass that way, and that he had told his "papa" that they ought to go and shake the hand of the President. His "papa" had replied that the President would not look at two such poor Indians, but he had replied that he had heard that they had a new President and that he was kind to poor Indians and would speak to them. So they had decided to come, and had walked for two days to that place.

Mr. Madero spoke kindly to them and bade them lead peaceful lives. Then the engine bell rang, and as the train was about to pull out the younger Indian grasped Mr. Madero's hand and tried to kiss it. The President snatched it away and almost sharply exclaimed: "Don't kiss my hand; I am no better than you; I am only a citizen and that is what you are. Kiss the hand of no one except your father. No one else has the right to ask it."

Then the train pulled out. The two Indians made a four-day journey on foot to see the President five minutes, but they walked away satisfied.

THE HOMES OF THE PILGRIMS

BY FREDERIC E. SNOW

Beside the margin of the bustling street,
 Or snuggled in some calm and sheltered nook,
 On slightly hill, or by the valleyed brook,
 These relics of the past the traveler greet.
 Within these hoary walls we yet may meet
 The gallant spirits who for God and truth
 Braved perils of the deep and wilds uncouth.
 Here gentle dames with manners grave and sweet
 Their ordered households ruled with gracious sway;
 Here praise like incense rare uprose to God,
 And men the way of peace and virtue trod.
 Though they who reared them slumber in the dust,
 These ancient houses, like a sacred trust,
 Shall claim our reverence to their latest day.

THE NEW BOOKS

A BOOK A WEEK

THE excellent service which is being done by the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) has already been recognized in *The Outlook*. These admirable little volumes treat the literature of the olden days as a living thing. They are putting before the lover of what is choice and fine in writing and thinking works which, for the most part, his college study of the humanities passed by; and, while the Greek and Latin texts invite him, if he be diligent, to brush up his grammar and vocabulary and seek the true flavor of the original, yet, side by side and page by page, a freely rendered but reasonably faithful English translation offers him substantial aid or an easy substitute as his ability (or lack of it) or his mood may prompt.

The most extended effort of this Library is just beginning. Professor A. M. Harmon, of Princeton, has translated Lucian's works in eight volumes, and the first has just appeared. It is a real triumph for a translator to reproduce the spirit and purpose of his author, as is here done, in fluent, colloquial, and modern English. It is notorious that the hardest thing in the world to transfer from one tongue into another is humor. Now, Lucian, in a great part of his writing, was nothing more or less than an entertainer. He was what the ancients called a rhetorician—a large-sounding word, but while the rhetorician was supposed to be a pleader in court and a writer of dignified orations and a teacher of the art of writing, he often really was a peripatetic humorist. Says Professor Harmon: "Rightly to understand and appreciate Lucian, one must recognize that he was not a philosopher nor even a moralist, but a rhetorician, that his mission in life was not to reform society nor to chastise it, but simply to amuse it. He himself admits on every page that he is serious only in his desire to please, and he would answer all charges but that of dullness." He went about, even as far from Greece as the land now known as France. There was no lecture bureau in his day, but even as the successful English writer gathers dollars in America from people who want to be amused, so did Lucian mount the platform in the cities of Greece and Italy and gather unto himself wealth as well as reputation. We think of him as a satirist, but we

are here told that his more common object was to amuse rather than to reform.

The Attic salt of his wit has not yet lost all its savor. He told anecdotes as freely as some of our after-dinner speakers—occasionally, perhaps, the same ones. Sometimes, to be sure, he indulged in parodies, the points of which are now dull because the writers and speakers he ridiculed have long been forgotten. Sometimes, instead of being witty, he deliberately indulged in oratorical fireworks about nothing of moment in order that his hearers might admire his dialectical and verbal resources. Sometimes he took a trifling subject, like the house-fly—not that he cared a rap about natural history or had premonitions of the modern "swat-the-fly" campaign—but just to show off, as the boys say, to make his hearers admit that he could talk well about anything; in the instance of the fly, by the way, he only stops his flow of language by apologizing for "making an elephant out of a fly."

Lucian's talk on Octogenarians almost reads like a string of newspaper anecdotes about alleged instances of longevity and their relation to diet. The oldest man appears to have been Gorgias, an orator who used to chuckle (Lucian doesn't say so, but one knows that he did) when asked how he came to be one hundred and eight years old, and reply that it was because he never accepted other people's invitations to dinner.

On occasion Lucian used the social scourge with effect. His talk about toadying to the rich is good doctrine to-day:

For my part I hold that the toadies are far worse than the men they toady to, and that they alone are to blame for the arrogance of the others. When they admire their possessions, praise their plate, crowd their doorways in the early morning, and go up and speak to them as a slave speaks to his master, how can you expect the rich to feel? If by common consent they refrained but a short time from this voluntary servitude, don't you think that the tables would be turned, and that the rich would come to the doors of the poor and beg them not to leave their happiness unobserved and unattested, and their beautiful tables and great houses unenjoyed and unused? It is not so much being rich that they like as being congratulated on it. The fact is, of course, that the man who lives in a fine house gets no good of it, nor of his ivory and gold either, unless some one admires it all.

One of Lucian's talks translated in this book is nothing more or less than a collection

of what a dignified New York evening paper lately announced in its prospectus as "funny jokes"—a real Bits of Fun column seventeen hundred years old. Just to see whether they are up to our standard of "comics," let us read a few of Demonax's briefer sayings just as they come:

When he was intending to make a voyage in winter, one of his friends remarked: "Aren't you afraid the boat will capsize and the fishes will eat you?" "I should be an ingrate," said he, "if I made any bones about letting the fishes eat me, when I have eaten so many of them!"

An orator whose delivery was wretched was advised by him to practice and exercise; on his replying, "I am always reciting to myself," Demonax answered: "Then no wonder you recite that way, with a fool for a hearer!"

Again, on seeing a soothsayer make public forecasts for money, he said: "I don't see on

what ground you claim the fee; if you think you can change destiny in any way, you ask too little, however much you ask; but if everything is to turn out as Heaven has ordained, what good is your soothsaying?"

When a Roman officer, well developed physically, gave him an exhibition of sword practice on a post, and asked, "What did you think of my swordsmanship, Demonax?" he said: "Fine, if you have a wooden adversary!"

Perhaps fifty of these jocosities follow, one after the other. They average pretty well for their age; at least they show that the ancients were not too dignified to be funny; and to read them brings out a link of common human trait between the classic and the modern. One feels that Eugene Field must have enjoyed Lucian, as he did that far greater man, Horace.

History of France (A). By H. E. Marshall. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.50.

Mr. Marshall has produced a capital book. It should appeal to old and young alike.

Precious Waters. By A. M. Chisholm. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25.

A tale of out-of-door life in the foot-hills of the Western dry belt with action and liveliness, as might be expected from the author of "The Boss of Wind River."

W. A. G.'s Tale. By Margaret Turnbull. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.

W. A. G. is a little boy, here allowed to tell his own adventures and to illustrate them by "Zob-sees," the kind of pictures of people every boy can make if he tries, "thin dancing people." He has fun in writing the story and other boys will have fun in reading it.

A Slice of Life. By Robert Halifax. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

A queer, breathless tale of London semi-slums with a perfectly unreal girl who inherits a peculiar tendency to go swimming at inopportune times and thereby dazzles the senses of a fine young curate who is more athletic than spiritual. Some of the minor characters are extremely well done in a Dickensish manner.

Impeachment of President Israels (The). By Frank B. Copley. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.

This tale of an imagined future is written with remarkable vividness. It is in essence a parable of peace, and it presents in story form the view of those who believe that the way for a nation to keep peace is to make it evident that war will never be resorted to, even under the most provoking circumstances. This is not the view of The Outlook; but neither is this the place for an argument on that question. The story is a good bit of story-writing, apart from any theory involved. President Israels,

at the very moment when the United States seems on the point of war with Germany, sends our whole fleet off to Constantinople, and in other ways shows that he does not mean to fight. The immediate result is the impeachment of the President; but in a brilliant and masterly speech he defends his course and wins the approval of the country.

'Twixt Land and Sea. By Joseph Conrad. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.25.

Three tales of Eastern lands and waters. Mr. Conrad is here seen at his very best—and most excellent literary art his best is. One is inclined to think that the romantic tale fits his manner better than the elaborate book-romance, for in the latter his tendency to involution is apt to carry him beyond the limit of the reader's patience. On the other hand, the situation in each of these short stories is clear and strong; in each, passion, fate, and character play their parts in human life mercilessly but with exactness of truth. Where Mr. Conrad acquired the delicate yet powerful style which puts him in rank with the very highest modern exponents of English prose writing it is hard to say; but his love and feeling for sea life in all its moods, for tropic atmosphere, and for the dramatic possibilities of distant lands, all come from many years of adventure as sailor and ship-master. He has never painted more vivid scenes of nature or looked more deeply into the hearts of his characters than in this moving book.

One Woman's Life. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.35.

Mr. Herrick's title tells just what he has done in his new novel. This is the life of Milly Ridge, an ambitious, clever girl with all sorts of limitations as to her social and family surroundings. She is brought to live in an unattractive Chicago section, and frets at its narrowness, but without any real ideals except that she would

like to be somebody. Always she makes herself interesting, always she moves along socially a grade at a time, until she really is taken up by a rich and semi-fashionable set. She becomes engaged to a rich man and throws him over because he is mean and stupid, marries an artist and spoils his ambition because he must support her by pot-boilers, after his death attracts a clever but crippled business woman and ruins this woman by her own business foolishness, and finally drifts out of sight as the wife of a well-to-do early admirer. There is nothing very exciting about all this, but the realism is astonishingly exact, and one follows with keen appreciation the natural and simple exposition of this woman's unconscious selfishness and lack of any other interest in life than to push on and "make good" socially.

James Fenimore Cooper. By Mary E. Philipps. The John Lane Company, New York. \$2.50.

Cooper's novels are not as much read to-day as at least some of them deserve to be. It might almost be asked whether it would not be possible to prepare an edition of those which are best worth while, in which the over-elaborate talk of characters and author might be reduced to a form more acceptable to the readers of modern fiction. Many of the stories, of course, have reached a deserved oblivion, but the Leather-Stocking Tales are certainly too good to drop out of sight, and the same may be said of a few of the other stories. The present volume is an interesting biography prepared with special reference to the locality of Cooper's residence, which is intimately connected with many of his stories. The author has evidently taken great pains to collect material, and has given to the book much more than a merely personal interest. The volume is liberally and profusely illustrated, and one is surprised to find how many pictures that do not deal with Cooper personally have yet a close connection with the general subject.

Primitive Christianity and Its Non-Jewish Sources. By Carl Clemon, Ph.D., D.D. Translated by Robert G. Nisbet, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

In this English edition of a German work that has been favorably received, the author, professor in the University of Bonn, proceeds from the admitted inheritance of Christianity from Judaism to inquire what marks were left on it by other religions and their religio-ethical ideas. In an exhaustively critical review of the leading ideas of Christianity, the life and teachings of Jesus, the Pauline theology, and the Johannine writings he finds Greek philosophy clearly apparent in the latter two, and discovers also Babylonian, Egyptian, and Persian influences. These conclusions of a scholar avowedly independent of theological parties "alternately victorious and vanquished" in this field of controversy cannot be lightly dismissed by those to

whom they are novel and unwelcome. The New Testament itself plainly intimates that Gentile religion was not wholly devoid of truths.

Open Secret (The). By James Thompson Bixby, Ph.D. American Unitarian Association, Boston. \$1.25. In 1876 Dr. Bixby, then a young man, wrote a small book, important then and valuable now—"Similarities of Physical and Religious Knowledge"—showing the harmony of science and religion, then more widely than now represented as antagonists. The course of learning has since set strongly with him. Compared with that work, the present volume seems to celebrate the fact. "The Open Secret" is a reading of what Haeckel styled "The Riddle of the Universe" in the converging light of science and religion. "Matter," which physical research has sublimated into pure energy, is ceasing to be thought of as essentially alien to spirit. The Universe is the visible embodiment of an exhaustless conscious Life. Its forces are the various energies of an infinite Will intelligently working toward good ends; and man, whether consciously or unconsciously, is a co-worker with the Father Almighty. Dr. Bixby, once a pupil of Rudolf Eucken at Jena, is a philosophic thinker, a vigorous and lucid writer, and effectively popularizes the best scientific thought of to-day.

Cæsar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance. By John Leslie Garner. McBride, Nast & Co., New York. \$3.25.

Why has the Borgia family always been such an interesting subject of historical research? As far as Rodrigo Borgia is concerned, our interest may be aroused because of the violent contrast between his mode of living and the sacredness of the holy office—the papacy—to which he was elected. This may also partly explain our interest in Rodrigo's son Cæsar, who had been made Cardinal and whose projects after as well as before he relinquished the purple were supported by the Pope, his father. As to Rodrigo's daughter, Lucrezia, many will, we fancy, be surprised at reading in Mr. Garner's just-published biography of Cæsar Borgia that Lucrezia was really not a virago, as she has been represented, but a colorless personality, wholly under the control of the other Borgias. Mr. Garner's study is of interest, not only because it is the first biography of Cæsar Borgia in the English language, but also because it brings out with special sharpness the difference between the papacy of the time of Alexander VI and our own day. The year 1492 is notable first of all because of the discovery of America; but it is also notable because of the accession to power of a man who, more than any of his predecessors or successors, was open and unashamed in acts which should have disqualified him for the position to which he aspired. It is a satisfaction to feel that no Rodrigo Borgia could obtain ecclesiastical preferment in this latter day.

BY THE WAY

Chicago has appropriated \$25,000 for pensioning mothers who are in dire need as a result of abandonment or other causes, and who may thus be saved from losing their homes and putting their babies in institutions. Five special workers are to carry out this programme of saving "broken homes and breaking hearts."

Of the artists at the just-closed Post-Impressionist exhibition in New York, Gauguin is described as originally a successful stock-broker; Van Gogh was nearly thirty before he gave his whole attention to painting; Brancusi, who "tries to express personality with as little objective likeness as possible," spent five years at a trade school before taking up sculpture; Henri Rousseau was a custom-house officer until middle life, when he applied himself to art.

The change of administration at Washington will involve no diminution of interest in baseball among those in high places. Vice-President Marshall says, "I am a fan. I take the most enjoyment of a whole year's recreation in seeing a baseball game between good teams."

George Ade tells a story of himself which has a real Mark Twain flavor. A Chicago woman tourist came to the old Cheshire Cheese Inn in London, where Ade was dining, and asked to see Dr. Johnson's autograph, supposed to be penciled on the wall. On being told it was not known to exist, she began a vain search for it. "A warm glow of benevolence rose in my breast," says the humorist, "and with a pencil I wrote on the wall behind me, 'Sam Johnson.' The woman finally espied the autograph and was overjoyed. How much happiness we can give to others by these little acts of kindness!"

We are sorely in need of research along the olfactory line, says an entertaining essayist in the "Atlantic Monthly." Science is not interested in the sense of smell, and any suggestion of the subject is avoided in conventional society—a skunk, for instance, being referred to as a "little black-and-white animal" (or a "woods pussy" in some places). We are more ignorant in our noses, says the essayist, than savages or animals, and the Arabs who led their guests from strong odors to delicate ones in their "scented gardens" were wiser. Perhaps.

Victoria, Australia, is to have a minimum wage for its typists—forty-five shillings (about \$11.25) weekly, according to a recent decision by the Wages Board. This is more than many of the women typists there are now receiving, and it is supposed that some of them may be displaced by more competent male workers; but it is reported that the women are strongly in favor of the action, as it will raise standards both of work and of living.

One must go far away indeed to escape the democratic movement; it has now disturbed the great colony of monks at Mount Athos, the "Holy Mountain" of Greece; it is reported that delegates from the monks have arrived in Athens to protest against the proposal that a republican form of government should be instituted in their remote retreat.

A commonplace front door, says "House and Garden," may often be dignified and made attractive by potted plants at the ends of the steps; but the receptacle must be of the "tub" character

rather than the fancy jardinière; for, on the other hand, a fine entrance may be spoiled by a "fussy" attempt at floral decoration.

On leaving America for Paris, Professor Henri Bergson was asked, as usual with distinguished visitors, what had impressed him most during his brief stay. "The idealism of the American people," was the complimentary reply. Professor Bergson stated that his next visit to America would be for the purpose of travel and observation, not for lecturing. It is to be hoped that the further study promised will confirm the favorable opinion expressed.

The desire for originality sometimes results in queer effects in language as well as in art. A newly opened railway station has this sign at the entrance to its train platforms: "All Passengers Will Be Required to Show Transportation at the Gates." How much simpler, shorter, and more understandable is the old-fashioned phrase, "Show Your Tickets!"

The realization that even actresses, like other folks, must grow old brings genuine regret when it is associated with a woman like Ellen Terry. A newspaper despatch tells us that her sixty-fifth birthday was recently the occasion of a family celebration at which a host of friends were privileged to offer their congratulations.

"Let's admit it fairly," says an architect in the "Farm Journal," "a bungalow *isn't* the cheapest thing we can build. For when the rooms are spread abroad on one floor, we naturally need more roof and more foundation than if these rooms were piled atop of the other half." But the saving of stair-climbing is worth more to a woman, he concludes, than any saving that might be made by the conventional style of building.

The pressure of public business is such that our Presidents, according to a writer in "Everybody's Magazine," must sign their names to documents some 20,000 times a year. Heads of Departments, also, must spend a good portion of their time writing their signatures. The heaviest name-signer in the Government service is said to be the Chief of the Division of Warrants in the Treasury Department.

One of the satisfactions of being a woman in the twentieth century must be the feeling that the world is hers so far as freedom of travel is concerned. This thought is impressed on one in reading Frances Gordon Alexander's "Wayfarers in the Libyan Desert." Two women, enchanted apparently with the "Garden of Allah," go on a camping trip in the desert, with only an Arab retinue to protect them, and have a delightful time. "As the guards patrol before the tents in the silent, starlit nights," says the author, "one feels as safe as in a crowded city—quite as safe and much happier!"

Why should a scrap of paper with the single word "Lynch" written on it sell for \$175 at an auction sale of autographs? Because it happened to have been written in the fly-leaf of a book owned by Thomas Lynch, Jr., of South Carolina, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A complete set of autographs of the "signers" is highly prized by collectors, and there are very few "Lynch" signatures to be had at any price.